MAY 25c

THIS PRINTING: OVER 2,500,000 COPIES

Coronet

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
LIBRARY
GENESEO, N. Y.

THE WOMEN
N DON'T MARRY

BETTER VACATIONS
FOR LESS MONEY

JAMESTOWN STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE LIBRARY
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

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GLORIA DeHAVEN

64 says:

Now I Color My Own Hair—At Home—With Lovely, Lasting Tintair!

Lovely Gloria DeHaven, featured in RKO's *Two Tickets to Broadway* says: "Isn't Tintair wonderful? I color my own hair at home with Tintair all the time—it's *fun!*"

Only Tintair has "VEGETABLE CATALYST D"—which automatically turns off coloring action*

It's the biggest fashion news since lipstick! COLOR YOUR HAIR—AT HOME WITH TINTAIR!

Just brush it on—the *right* way to get that even, natural look! No pre-bleaching, no pre-shampooing! Lighten hair . . . darken, redden, or match your hair . . . or completely cover grey hair.

You can't make a mistake with Tintair—just follow the simple directions. For only Tintair has *"VEGETABLE CATALYST D"—the amazing *self-timing ingredient* that *automatically* turns off the coloring action 15 minutes after you finish applying Tintair!

Tintair leaves hair soft, highlighted—youthful and natural looking—so manageable and *glamorous!* 12 fashionable, lasting colors—only $2.00 at your cosmetic counter. Buy Tintair today!

Only $2

Nature isn't always right—but Tintair is!

Tintair HOME HAIR COLORING

JAMES M. MILNE LIBRARY
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How Sparkling can you be?

What makes her teeth so Sparkling clean?

The answer is **IPANA!**

What makes her mouth so Sparkling fresh?

The answer is **IPANA!**

The answer is IPANA

for cleaner, healthier teeth!

A sparkling bright smile does give you a confident lift! So use Ipana to get your teeth cleaner, reveal the hidden sparkle of your smile—and help prevent tooth decay! You'll love Ipana's sparkling taste and tingle, too—leaves your mouth fresher, breath sweeter. Get Ipana for your Smile of Beauty!

A Product of Bristol-Myers

For really cleansing teeth and mouth, the answer is **IPANA!**

Remember—to reduce tooth decay—no other tooth paste, ammoniated or otherwise, has been proved more effective than IPANA.

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It's a boy... and a bundle of joy! The oh's... the ah's... the laughter... will echo across the nation!

THE BLESSED EVENT OF 1951

M-G-M presents

SPENCER TRACY
JOAN BENNETT
ELIZABETH TAYLOR

"FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND"

DON TAYLOR • BILLIE BURKE

Screen Play by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich • Based on characters created by Edward Streeter
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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Your eyes deserve the best

NEW 17-INCH RECTANGULAR TUBE

BLACK-DAYLITE TELEVISION

YES! New G-E television is so easy on your eyes! Pictures are sharper, clearer, more lifelike than ever on G.E.'s new 17" black rectangular tube! Tuning is child's play. One simple control gives you the best picture and best sound *automatically!* Luxurious console of hand-rubbed genuine mahogany veneers. Finely figured doors. Model 17C107 **$379.95***

(Incl. Fed. Tax)

General Electric Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

*Installation and picture tube protection plan extra. Prices subject to change without notice, slightly higher West and South.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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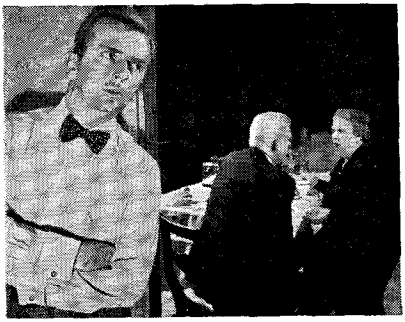
MANNERS AT HOME



The fastest way for one to lose the confidence of the entire family is to be caught eavesdropping on private conversations.

Leaving his clothes scattered about the bedroom indicates that a husband thinks free maid service a wifely duty.

Self-appointed mail censors violate the privacy of others, yet always complain most loudly when they are the victims.

A father who scolds his son in front of guests reveals that he is more anxious to belittle the boy than to improve him.

Husbands who come to table looking as if they spent the night in a coal mine will find themselves breakfasting alone.

Though a man may love his pipe, his enthusiasm for it can result in his having only a smoke screen for company.

Posed by Jackie Kelk, House Jameson, Katherine Raht, Patricia Holsey, Charita Bauer and Ezra Stone, from the cast of *The Aldrich Family*, (NBC), and Josef Stone.

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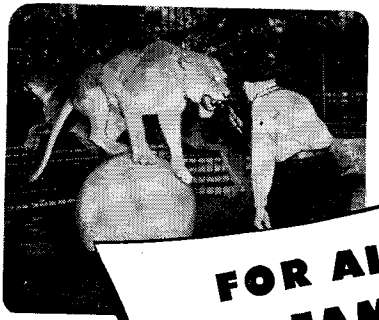
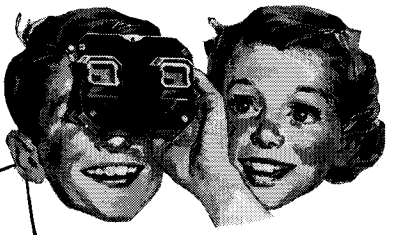
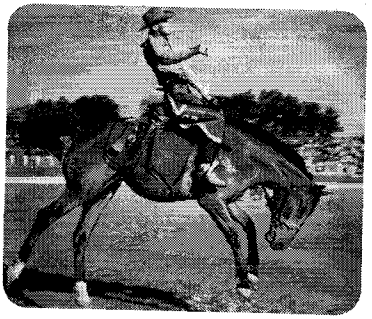




FOR ALL THE FAMILY

NEW VIEW-MASTER COLOR PICTURES THAT "COME TO LIFE" IN THREE DIMENSIONS

See exciting new View-Master subjects "come to life" in the thrilling realism of full color, three dimensions. Sixteen fascinating new Reels to delight each and every member of your family! These full color Kodachrome pictures are mounted in sturdy seven-scene Reels for use in View-Master Stereoscopes and Projectors. Over 400 other interesting and educational subjects available at photo, gift, and department stores.



NEW SUBJECTS

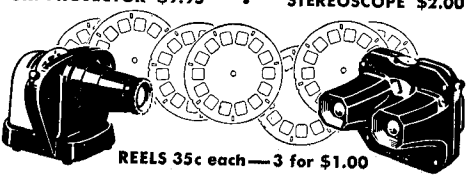
Cowboy Rodeo
Cattle Roundup, Branding
Performing Chimpanzees
Performing Lions
Iowa, Hawkeye State
Kansas, Wheat State
Oklahoma, Sooner State
Amish Country, Pa.
The Ozarks, Missouri
Natchez, Mississippi
The Gaspe Peninsula, Canada
Holy Year, Rome
Holy Year, Vatican State
Passion Play, Oberammergau
(3 Reels)

Ask to see

VIEW-MASTER®

STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES

JR. PROJECTOR $9.95 • STEREOSCOPE $2.00



REELS 35c each—3 for $1.00

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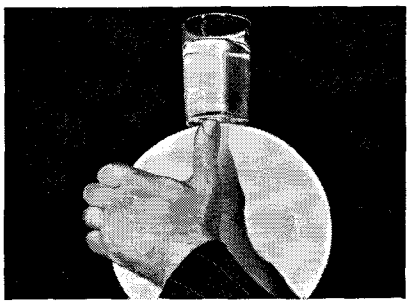
Coronet Quick Tricks

THE TRICK: To arrange six glasses, three empty and three filled with water, as illustrated; then, by touching only one glass, make glasses alternate empty, full, empty.

HOW TO DO IT: Just pour contents of fifth glass into second glass, replacing five in its original position.

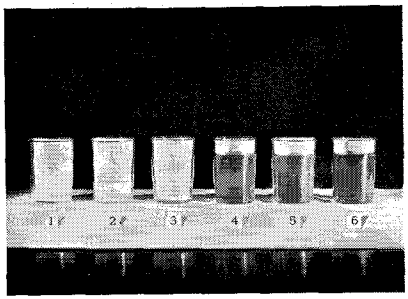


THE TRICK: To make a square out of a cross made up of four matchsticks, without moving more than one of the four.

HOW TO DO IT: Arrange cross in such a way that when one stick is moved slightly outward, the ends of the matches form a perfect, if small, square in the center of the four.

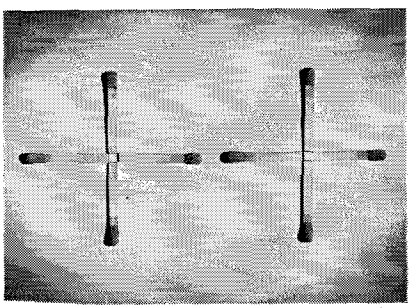
THE TRICK: To place a half-dollar flat on the top of a table, then make it spin on its edge without ever touching with your hands.

HOW TO DO IT: Use two short pieces of soda straw, as shown, and blow long and hard. The stream of air will vibrate and then spin the coin.



THE TRICK: To balance a drinking glass on the edge of an ordinary, round dinner plate.

HOW TO DO IT: Grip plate with fingers in front and thumb extended upward in back. When you set the glass on top of the plate, raise thumb slightly. This makes it easy to balance the glass.



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Baths as usual

–with Tampax

Most women know that Tampax is an *internal* method for monthly sanitary protection, but many do not realize that it can actually be worn while taking a shower or tub bath! . . . Tampax requires no belts, pins, external pads. And besides, it is so much less in bulk than the "other kind" that a whole month's average supply may be carried in your purse.

When those annoying days arrive next month it should be comforting to know that you can "bathe as usual," even if you prefer a tub. There's no odor with Tampax and it is *so easy* to dispose of.

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton contained in slim, dainty applicators for easy insertion. It cannot cause a bulge or edge even under a snug swim-suit. . . . Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

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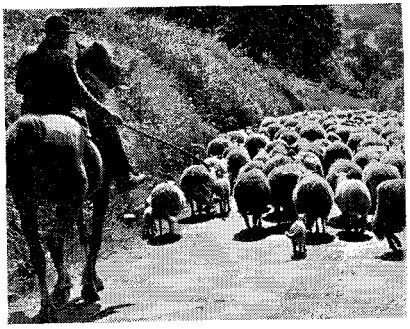
GOING AWAY IN May?

Romantic: A world of chimney pots, thatched roofs, and Tudor houses will come to life when visitors walk the quaint Warwickshire streets; and England, land of gardens, opens its Festival, May 3 to September 30. "The play's the thing" in Shakespeareland, where the Bard's words will ring out in Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon.

Historic: Edinburgh Castle guards one of Britain's loveliest cities. It lends its silhouette as background for Scotland's program; with the showing of kilts comes the gathering of clans and the Highland games. There will be art exhibits, operas, ballet, and performances by famous symphony orchestras; mid-August through September.



Pastoral: A shepherd's flock blends into the Welsh countryside, a classic high light of Britain's scenic beauty. Here in Wales, past ages come to life again in the folk songs and dances of the valley of Dee's International Eisteddfod, July 3 to 8. Meanwhile, across the Irish Sea in Northern Ireland, Belfast will brim with traditional Irish song and lore.

Tradition: Enlivened by the colorful costumes of the Beefeaters at the Tower, the Lord Mayor's coachman, the Horse Guards, and all the ancient pageantry of England, London will be the capital of Britain's Festival. There it is still possible to travel by coach-and-four past such treasures of history as Westminster Abbey and Buckingham Palace.

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PRECISION-MADE TO THE SAME HIGH STANDARDS ACHIEVED IN THE PARKER "51" PEN

THE ONLY POCKET LIGHTER IN THE WORLD THAT GIVES YOU

6 MONTHS OF LIGHTS

WITHOUT REFUELING!*

No fooling with liquid fuels . . . No fiddling with wicks . . . Just a clean, clear, *hot* flame from cold *iso*-butane gas!

You've read about it—heard about it—now's your time to own a Parker Flaminaire. It's made by The Parker Pen Company, under the original French patents—with all the precision, dependability and distinction you expect from the makers of the world's finest pens. The Parker Flaminaire is the *only* pocket lighter in the world, regardless of fuel used, that gives you six months of safe, sure lights without refueling (*even if you smoke as much as a pack a day!). See it—at smart dealers everywhere.

Buy it now—for yourself, for a gift; it won't need refueling till next fall.

In stunning gift case — **$12.50** (NO F. E. TAX)

©1951—The Parker Pen Company

PARKER FLAMINAIRE

MADE BY THE PARKER PEN CO., U. S. A.

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Nina Foch has been painting since childhood, and has sold two of her canvases.

Elizabeth Taylor illustrated *Nubbles and Me,* a book about her chipmunk.

Cornel Wilde, drawing in his teens, got $5 a sketch in an advertising agency.

Deserted House, Mark Stevens' entry in an art show, is admired by the artist.

ACTOR ARTISTS

PAINTING, A HOBBY alluring enough to entrance Winston Churchill, has, along with sculpturing, taken the movie colony by storm. Working off the pent-up energy of the sound stage, sketching in between "takes," Hollywood's shining lights—from Margaret O'Brien to Lionel Barrymore—have taken enthusiastically to paints and clay.

At a recent National Urban League showing of celebrities' art, a third of the artists were movie stars. Many lost their amateur standing there, and a Mary Pickford canvas brought $450.

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For an exciting vacation any time . . . take New York Central to the Heart of NEW YORK!

In spring, drive by twilight through Central Park and see the skyscraper windows come out like yellow stars.

In summer, linger at a sidewalk café table and enjoy the passing show... the greatest show on earth—New York!

In autumn, window-shop along Fifth Avenue . . . or feel the thrill of curtain time at a Broadway first night.

In winter, watch the bright-clad skaters at Radio City's sunken rink . . . beneath the giant Christmas tree.

Yes, all year, there's Manhattan Magic for your holidays. Museums. Nearby beaches. Symphonies. Opera. Big-league baseball. Dining and dancing.

So get there fresh! Take Central's low-cost luxury coaches over the scenic Water Level Route...straight to Grand Central Terminal, the Big Town's heart!

P.S. Central gets you *home* fresh, too . . . rested and ready for the big job ahead.

FREE: NEW TRAVEL GUIDE. Send coupon to New York Central, Room 1336K, 466 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

New York Central

The Water Level Route—You Can Sleep

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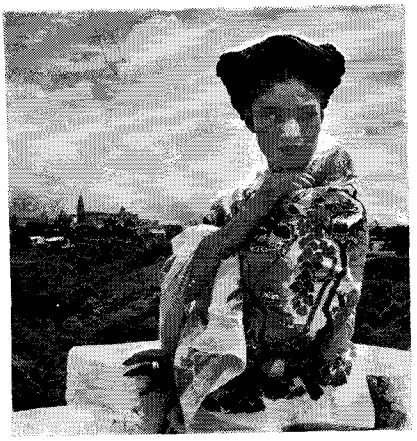
Australian Betty Dawes has been modeling for ten years, owns a dress shop.



Favorite model of many Mexican artists is a beautiful Otomi Indian, Nieves.

French model Praline gets about a fourth of what top American models earn.

Barbara Goalen, British model, tries to adapt herself to the mood of a dress.

Models Everywhere

WOMEN STRIVE for it and men are inspired by it, so beauty has become a universal commodity, and modeling, its commercial expression, a vast and growing industry. Around the world, the glamour of klieg lights and camera attracts millions of pretty girls.

In France, a top model may make only $90 a month, but her high prestige is added compensation. In Australia, competition is keen, but successful models earn twice as much as shopgirls. Everywhere, the fashion industry has proved that "beauty is silent eloquence."

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want your hair to glow, like this?...

dollar quality giant jar 69¢

The shampoo that promises soft, radiant loveliness—or your money back. Why pay a dollar? Guaranteed by Helene Curtis—foremost name in hair beauty.

Helene Curtis
CREME SHAMPOO

large size tube, 49¢

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Have you seen it?

PHOTOSENSITIVE GLASS prints a picture which won't fade, discolor, curl, or be ruined by scratches. The chemicals making the glass "sensitive" are mixed with it in the manufacturing process. To produce the picture, a regular negative is placed over the glass, exposed to ultraviolet light, then removed. Different-colored backgrounds can be obtained by regulating the exposure time, and the picture is developed by heating the glass to 1,000° F.

PANCAKES ON THE PAN in seconds. That's what you get with the new liquid batter packaged in paper cartons and delivered to your door. The preparation contains milk, flour, and eggs, stays fresh for days in your refrigerator.

A PLASTIC COATING which protects leather and imitation leather can be brushed on. Available in 22 shades (as well as clear), it covers scuff marks and worn spots, won't crack or peel, and takes only 30 minutes to dry. Dinette chairs, baby carriages, toys, golf bags, jackets, wallets—hundreds of things can be given new color and life.

AN ELECTRONIC FISH-FINDER, the larger version of which has been used chiefly by commercial fishermen, is now available to amateur anglers. The 15-pound device uses only as much current as a 40-watt bulb, and can work on storage batteries. It bounces high-frequency signals off the ocean floor and traces on a chart the outline of whatever the signals hit. By this "echo" the angler can tell whether those are rocks or fish beneath his boat.

A PLASTIC CREAM-STARCH, packaged in a tube, not only adds life and "permanent" stiffness to clothes, but makes nylons more snag-resistant. Tests have shown that stockings do not get rigid and snags are reduced up to 50 per cent when a little of this preparation is added to rinse water.

ANCHOR SCATTER RUGS by sprinkling the floor under them with a new powder. It won't hurt the rugs or the floor, and prevents dangerous spills.

TO TENDERIZE MEAT and please the thrifty housewife, tea-bag-size filter bags of papaya enzyme have been developed. All the cook need do is soak a bag in water for two hours, and save the liquid. Then she swabs inexpensive or tough cuts of meat with the tenderizer, lets them stand a few minutes, and cooks them in the ordinary way. The papaya-fruit enzyme works on protein, breaking down muscle and fiber.

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IN THIS NEAT PACKAGE

8 PERFECT SLICES

...and wonderful flavor in every slice!

Made...cut ...wrapped by Kraft a wholly new way

Like peeling a banana— they separate so easily

The *best-tasting* process cheese you've ever had! In the handiest, most perfect slices—*no* slivers or dried edges. They are cut, wrapped, sealed by Kraft right after pasteurization. Cheeselovers agree they're *wonderful* for quick snacks.

5 KINDS American
Pimento • Swiss • Brick
Sharp Old English Brand

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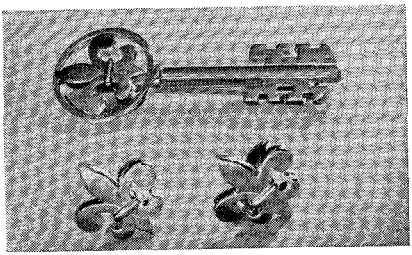
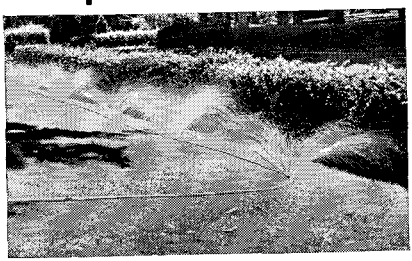
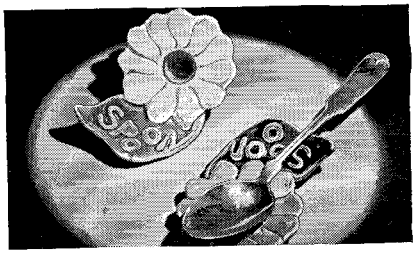
Coronet's Family Shopper



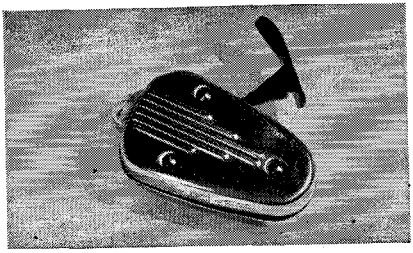
ARISTOCRATIC fleurs-de-lis form these gold-colored earrings and decorate this key pin. No Mother's Day present would please her more. Pin $5.94*, earrings $4.74*. Lord & Taylor, NYC 18.



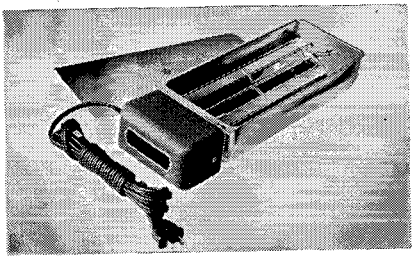
HERE'S A GARDEN HOSE with five separate sprays, individually controlled. Waters irregular beds, shrubs, trees, or serves as an ordinary hose. $17.95*. Howard Sales, New Hyde Park, N. Y.



REST A DRIPPING stirring spoon on this colorful pottery flower and keep stove clean, spoon cool. Every cook needs at least one. $1. Mahoning Gifts, 702 Wick Bldg., Youngstown, O.



ALWAYS READY FOR USE, this pocket-sized flashlight needs no batteries. Pumping the handle generates power for the light. $6.15. Lewis & Conger, 45th St. and Ave. of Americas, NYC 19.



THIS ELECTRIC FREEZER makes a quart of ice cream in an hour. Fits into ice-cube section, automatically stirs the mixture. $17.50, Freez-O-Tray, 504 Warwick Road, Newport News, Va.

IT'S A BATHROOM HEATER for chilly mornings, hair dryer, lingerie rack, fan. Fits any wall without screws, looks built-in. "Wall-Aire." $40.34. Ludwig Baumann, 500 Eighth Ave., NYC 18.

Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Editorial prices (subject to change) are complete except those starred (*)which are shipped F.O.B.

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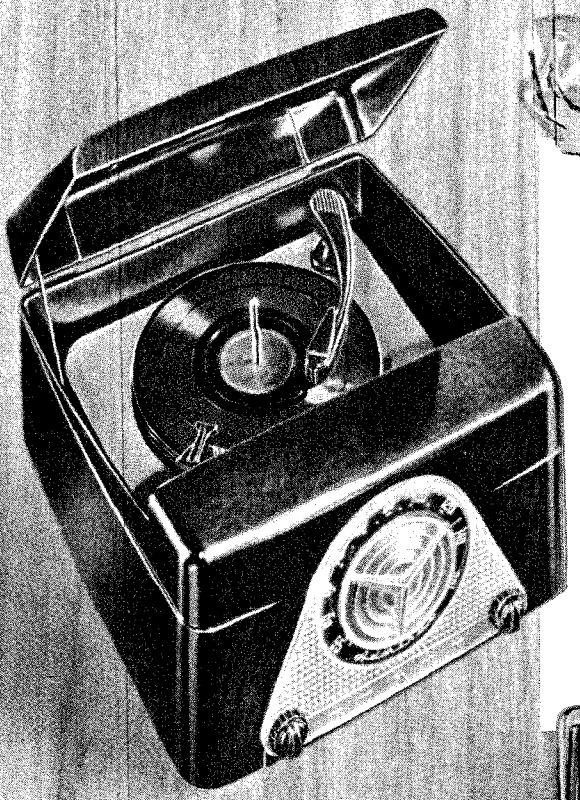
LOOK! LISTEN! AND YOU'LL LOVE 'EM!

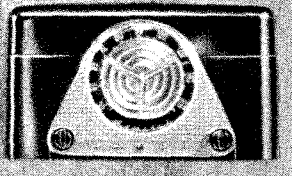
Admiral

AMERICA'S SMART SET

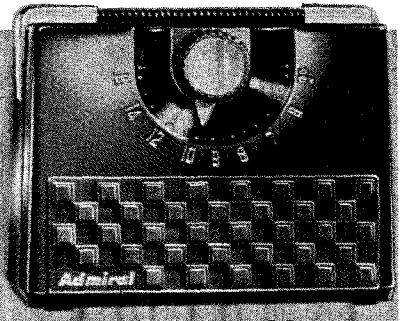


Here it is! America's No. 1 radio-phonograph in a brand new version. Plays all records . . . all sizes . . . all automatically with simple one-knob control. Gives you up to five hours of uninterrupted music. Performance comparable to the finest console. See it today . . . also Admiral's brilliant new AC-DC battery portable radios with revolutionary new Ferro-Scope antenna. Discover for yourself that in radio America's Smart Set is America's Smart Buy!

Prices slightly higher south and west . . . subject to change without notice.



MODEL 6J21—$79.95



MODEL 4T11—$29.95

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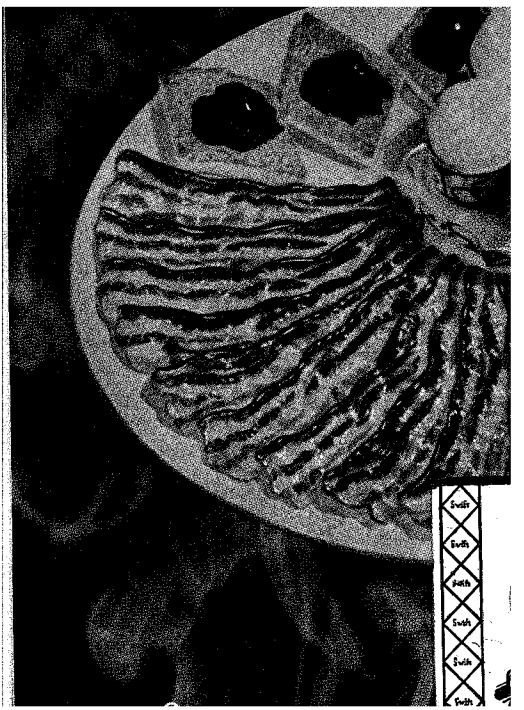

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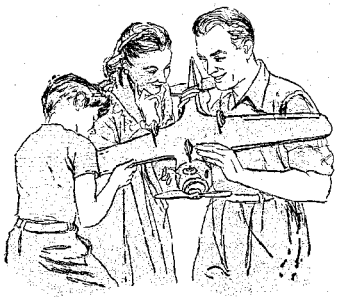
Vol. 30, No. 1 May, 1951

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

HOW TO STAY Young



by O. SPURGEON ENGLISH, M.D.

THIS MOMENT may mark the first time you have given serious thought to the idea that you are growing older. When you were 12, such an idea was filled with delightful possibilities. Your next birthday meant you would be in your teens and could no longer be considered a mere child.

Once in your teens, you longed to be 21, for this meant freedom from parental control and the undeniable right to "live your own life." But somewhere between 21 and 25, your attitude about growing older began to change.

If you are a man, at 30 you may have become conscious of a receding hairline. By 35, you may have begun to refer wryly to yourself as "getting to be old." And then, suddenly, you were 40!

A man usually reacts to his 40th birthday in one of two ways: it may hit him as crushing proof that he is growing old and will soon be on the shelf, or he may find, with considerable surprise, that being 40 is not so very different except that he seems to have a little more sense and judgment, and a clearer idea of the goals toward which he is working. In either event, being 40 is a state of mind rather than a chronological number of years.

The same is true, of course, of women. At 25, an unmarried girl may begin to speculate uneasily about "being too old to get a husband." By 30, she feels that she

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must have a well-established career to avoid being classed as an old maid. And, by 40, she has firmly decided to list her age as 38 for the rest of her life!

Up to the present day, it has done little good to point to the Shaws and Goethes, the Einsteins and the Baruchs, the Bernhardts and the Barrymores, and say, "Look how much living, how much work, how much enthusiasm can be experienced long after 40 or 50 or 60!" It was too easy to brush them aside as "exceptions," as the rare individuals who just refused to grow old.

We have resisted the idea that none of us need grow old and useless unless we will it—and that *we bring many of the infirmities of age upon ourselves*. We have stubbornly refused to recognize this truth, yet the evidence has been everywhere about us. Think for a moment of the people you know who were old men and women at 35, and you will see that years have little relation to youthfulness.

We say of such young people grown old that they are "set in their ways," that they are "resistant to change," that they "refuse to see anyone else's point of view." All of which are just other ways of stating they have lost their flexibility and that their minds are no longer limber. It is at the moment that an individual loses his flexibility that old age begins! It can be at 25, 35, or 65, but it doesn't have to happen even at 95!

LET'S FORGET about chronological age for a moment and see where we stand on the scale of flexibility: the true measure of youthfulness and meaningful maturity. Take stock of your mental elasticity by answering these questions:

1. Have you changed your point of view recently on any major question, or are you clinging to the set of ideas you grew up with?

2. Do you like younger people, or are you afraid that they will offer too much competition in business or social relationships?

3. How do you feel about the "Younger Generation"? Do you get along well with children, or do you deplore their ways?

4. Have you taken a trip lately, and if you did take one, did you thoroughly enjoy it? Can you recall the eagerness with which you used to anticipate any change of surroundings and the wealth of new ideas and impressions that you brought back from even a ferryboat ride? Travelers who "can't wait to get home and settle back to normal living" are really getting old, even though they may have experienced only 32 birthdays.

5. Do you have any special interest, hobbies, or recreations? Have you explored any new ways of thought, or dipped into religious attitudes that may be different from your own? Have you seen a play or movie that gave you something different to think about?

6. What happens if you have to change your plans suddenly or depart from your usual routine? If such situations upset you unduly, you may be sure that your age is showing dangerously.

7. Do you often feel left out of things, and that other people don't pay enough attention to you? This is one of the most frequent complaints of age and one of the most needless ones.

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8. When you have the attention of another person, are you inclined to talk too much and, consequently, fail to listen with genuine interest to what he has to say?

9. Do you frequently do a kindness for a neighbor, a relative, a friend, or for anyone with whom you are in contact?

10. Are you contributing something to the world you live in, or are you content to sit on the side lines, convinced that it is going to pot and there is very little that you can do about it?

Put a check mark beside the questions which you feel apply most particularly to your present mental attitudes. It will give you sort of a rough inventory of what stock you have on hand, what needs refurbishing, and where you need to lay in a completely new line.

The first reason that we are so likely to become less attractive to others as we grow older is because, in America, we do not have a philosophy of continuous self-improvement throughout life. We regard the years between kindergarten and legal voting age as the period during which we should acquire knowledge, and from that point onward we make little effort to accumulate any more.

The idea that life is a continuous and unbroken process of learning is still too new for more than a fortunate few to benefit from it. The term "adult education" is still somewhat uninviting to those who look back on their school days with no great enthusiasm. But adult education need not be carried on in formal classes; it can be an individual undertaking as well as a group project, and can embrace learning new homemaking arts, needlework and dog raising, just as well as following new scientific trends and taking courses in the classics.

Those who remain young at any age are the men and women who have realized that when one stops learning, one in truth stops living.

THE SECOND MAJOR REASON why our undesirable character traits become more evident as time goes by is because too many men and women feel that the mere possession of years and a few gray hairs gives them the right to assert their opinions and even to inflict those opinions on others.

Such thoughtless presumption on the part of older people does little to endear them to younger ones. Almost all human beings have smarted to some degree as children under the too-rigid authority of their parents, and it is not surprising that when they come to occupy positions of authority, they may enjoy turning the tables on older associates to make them suffer in turn.

Dr. Maxwell Gitelson has set up some valuable guideposts to sound mental health in later years. For the person who would keep his mind as healthy and as active as his body, it is important:

1. Never to know that one is through.
2. Never to feel superfluous.
3. Never to lack significance.
4. Never to be without use.
5. Never to be without an outlet for the creative urge.
6. Never to be without a word in the affairs of men.

We need a great deal of education in order to learn to live at all age periods and to reap the rewards

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which each period has to offer those who are prepared to accept them. These are the men and women who are prepared to live fully and generously. At present there is so much wasted energy, so much needless worry, so much striving for unimportant goals, and so many values that have little meaning in terms of human feelings.

We need to make a constant effort to define the real essentials in our relations with each other, so that we do not lose sight of the truly important goals. We need to live our lives in such a way that we leave room to develop that all-important quality of flexibility, which Dr. Gitelson defined when he said:

"The flexible person is one who respects himself without conceit, who has been guided by principles but who has not been a slave to dogma, who has had steadiness of purpose without being hypnotized by an immutable goal, who has bent his energies to making the grade rather than getting to the top first, who has tolerated his weaknesses while employing his strengths, who has respected his neighbor as well as had pride in himself."

It is up to us to develop ourselves so that we may remain useful, either through our physical efforts or our personalities, to people of all ages around us. It is only then that we can claim the right to retain a word in the affairs of men and to know we shall never be without an outlet for the urge to do something truly useful and meaningful all our lives —something which will merit appreciation in the eyes of the world and most especially in the eyes of those who love us.

A Big Quarter's Worth

IN CALIFORNIA'S sunny San Fernando Valley can be found one of the biggest and busiest clubs in the world. Busy doing good, that is. Called the Buck-of-the-Month Club, it is made up of a large majority of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation's thousands of employees. Joining is easy. A worker simply signs a card authorizing a 25-cent-a-week deduction from his pay check.

Since its origin in 1942, the Buck-of-the-Month Club has contributed more than $2,000,000 to community chests and other charitable and relief organizations. Besides, a sizable amount has been given to fellow employees who were suddenly in need of a helping hand.

As one Lockheed stock clerk put it, "You get the thrill of helping blind people get seeing-eye dogs, helping the Scouts and the veterans and all the others—all for a quarter a week. You don't even miss the money, but it gives you a pretty wonderful feeling to be part of a thing like this."

It gives us all a wonderful feeling to know that at the same time they're converting sheet metal and rivets into airplanes, Lockheed employees are converting quarters into joy on such a grand scale.

—Christian Science Monitor

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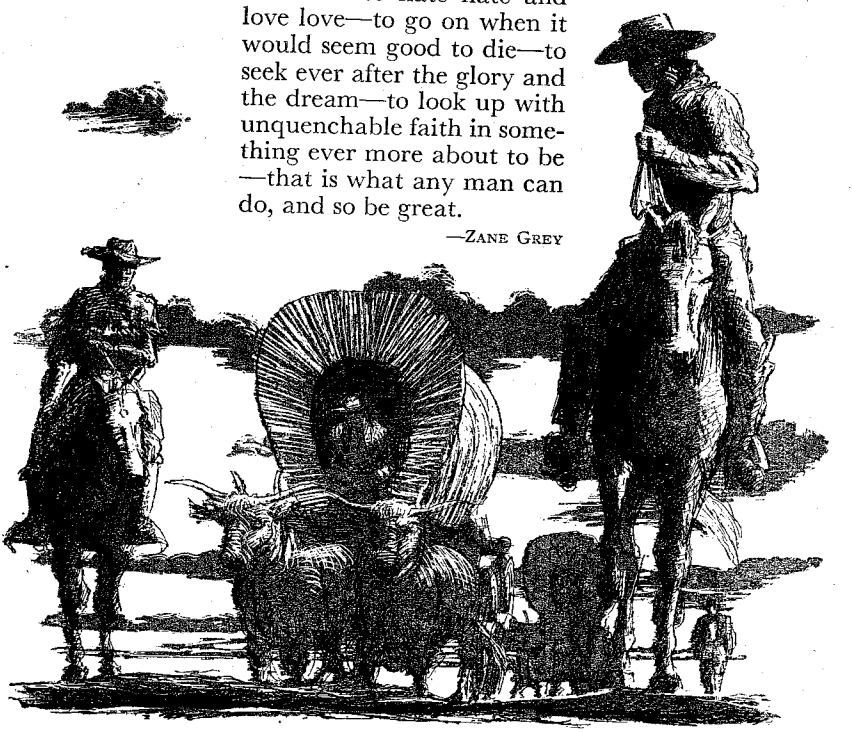
KEYS TO GREATNESS

TO BEAR UP under loss—to fight the bitterness of defeat and the weakness of grief—to be victor over anger—to smile when tears are close—to resist evil men and base instincts—to hate hate and love love—to go on when it would seem good to die—to seek ever after the glory and the dream—to look up with unquenchable faith in something ever more about to be—that is what any man can do, and so be great.

—ZANE GREY



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Death Rides the Bargain Air Lines

by RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.

If you value your life, don't be tempted by the ads for cheap nonscheduled flights

ON A SUMMER DAY in 1949, onto the runway of bustling Isla Grande International Airport in Puerto Rico rolled a silvery C-46 plane. Aboard were 81 passengers bound for New York. Soon the huge plane took off into a clear blue sky.

Minutes later, at an altitude of only 250 feet, the right engine sputtered. Pilot and copilot frantically manipulated the controls. Nothing happened. Barely six miles from the airport, the C-46 plowed into the ocean with a sickening splash. Only 28 survivors were pulled to safety; 53 died in the crumpled ship.

When Civil Aeronautics Board investigators began probing the accident, they uncovered facts that shocked an incredulous public. For the plane that carried 53 men, women, and children to their deaths was literally a flying coffin. Overloaded by 3,709 pounds when it took off, the C-46 had safety belts for only 65 passengers. An insufficient number of life rafts were aboard. More important, a mechanic had installed cheap spark plugs which remained undetected —until they burned out when the plane took off.

While the San Juan district attorney recommended that the operating line, Strato-Freight, Inc., be charged with "involuntary homicide" and the licenses of pilot and mechanic be revoked, the CAA suspended the company's certificate. And, in Washington, Senator Owen Brewster declared "the problem of nonscheduled air-line crashes continues to grow more serious."

Actually, Brewster was understating the facts. For the records of unscheduled air lines are blotched by so many fatal accidents that public confidence in air travel of any kind is being undermined.

There was, for instance, the crash of a Burke Air Transport DC-3 near Melbourne, Florida, in 1947. Fourteen persons were killed in this plane, which investigators discov-

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ered was overloaded by a ton and was piloted by men who had been flying 23 out of the 38 hours elapsed time before the accident.

There was the Coastal Air Lines accident in Georgia in 1948, resulting in the death of 18 men and women. At a hearing to determine causes of this crash, a CAB investigator testified that Coastal's operation was "sloppy."

Then there was the Seattle Air Charter DC-3, commissioned by a group of Yale students to fly back to college after the 1948 Christmas holidays. It plunged into a hangar on the takeoff, killing 11 of the 27 passengers and three crewmen. CAB officials learned this plane was overloaded by more than 1,500 pounds. Moreover, its wing surfaces were so encrusted with ice that one pilot, assigned to make the flight, refused to take the plane into the air!

Still listed as "unsolved" in CAB files is the disappearance late in 1948 of a DC-3 leased to Airborne Transport, Inc. This plane took off from San Juan for Miami with 29 passengers and a crew of three and was never seen again.

Startling? Shocking? Yes. But these are not isolated cases. They and others like them are responsible for the deplorably poor "safety" record of the nonscheduled air lines. How do they stack up alongside the record of the regular transport companies? The latest available CAB records show that in 1949 passenger fatalities averaged 18.2 per 100 million passenger miles for the irregular carriers as against 1.2 for the scheduled carriers.

As the death toll continues to mount, a nation-wide scandal is brewing over what Senator Brewster terms "one of the most troublesome problems in civil aviation." And the problem has significant undertones. For, according to Brig. Gen. Milton Arnold, a vice-president of Air Transport Association of America, the trade group of all but one scheduled air line, "the public has no ready means of determining whether an aircraft in an accident is operated by one of the scheduled lines or a nonscheduled company. As a result, the tendency is to place the entire blame for accidents upon the scheduled air-line industry."

TOO FEW AMERICANS understand the difference between "scheduled" and "irregular" air lines, which sometimes bear names strikingly similar to those owned by the big systems. For the "nonskeds" are mostly war babies, born at the end of World War II when Air Force veterans bought up surplus planes and launched their own transport companies.

Operating under CAB authority to carry passengers on limited, unscheduled flights, these flying busses began offering coast-to-coast flights for as low as $75. Also, they were the first to pioneer the "air-coach" feature of travel, which meant stripping planes of luxury items to provide a service comparable to railroad coach accommodations.

But the nonskeds went further. Flaunting CAB regulations, many deliberately advertised themselves as scheduled air lines, promising regular service between various points. In so doing, these companies not only violated Government rules but in many cases actually flew such regular schedules under standards scaled for less frequent operation;

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the result: overtaxed pilots, irregularly inspected planes, and slipshod administration.

Also, there is a great difference between CAB regulations for the regular air lines and for the nonskeds in interstate traffic. For instance: to hold an air-line transport pilot's rating, a pilot for a scheduled company must qualify for the make and model of the plane he is to operate, as well as for a particular route and the airports on it. Unscheduled pilots, on the other hand, do not have to meet any of these specifications. Only scheduled air lines must provide a training program for their pilots.

No big-league plane can take off without the O.K. of a CAA-certified dispatcher employed by the air line. But the pilot for a nonscheduled company is allowed to act as his own dispatcher, making his own decisions—based on whatever information is available to him—about route, altitude, airports, and the gasoline supply needed.

"An inquest is no substitute for adequate federal safety regulation," is the opinion of Sigmund Janas, president of Colonial Airlines, which has not suffered a crash death in 21 years.

Actually, the CAB believes that its operating regulations for nonskeds are more than adequate—if so many of the irregular air lines will only stop trying to play the part of their big-time brothers. But the CAB's enforcement division is understaffed, unable to cope with the large number of investigations ordered.

Likewise, there is no indication, according to CAB officials, that all the nonscheduled lines will ever agree to comply with the rules regarding minimum safety requirements or business procedures.

Allied with the nonsked air lines in an apparently deliberate attempt to mislead the public is the kind of ticket or travel office which, as the Better Business Bureau says, "leads the unwary to believe that it is actually an air line and not a ticket agency."

Under this setup, an agency will adopt a name that sounds like an air line. But it really is responsible only for booking passengers on nonskeds with which it may or may not hold contracts.

In fact, the standard of ethics among these booking agencies has sunk to so low a level as to stimulate nation-wide investigation by the Better Business Bureaus. In its weekly publication, the Los Angeles BBB recently cited 12 varieties of complaints which it has "received rather consistently."

Declaring that certain advertising claims of one outfit, the Flying Irishman, "appear to be misleading and untrue," the office also reported that prospective customers found it difficult, if not impossible, to purchase advertised $75 tickets to New York. The common dodge of many such ticket agencies was to report "no vacancies," but to offer available seats on an $88 flight, or, in most cases, a $99-fare carrier.

In Boston, a particularly bitter complaint was that transportation had been promised on four-engined planes, but passengers arrived at the airport to be herded aboard twin-engine aircraft. Another cause for irritation to travelers was refusal to make refunds when flights were canceled, as well as leaving passengers stranded at out-of-the-

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way airports, far from the advertised landing base.

The Downtown Airlines Ticket Office in Los Angeles, for instance, advertised "Perfect Safety Record —150 Million Passenger Miles— Scheduled Flights." Actually, a ticket agency has no right to claim any safety record.

Until its doors closed last November, the Columbia Air Coach System, Inc., of New York, advertised travel "in comfort, in luxury, in speedy four-engine planes . . ." and claimed that "our advertising budget is modest . . . our pilots, planes, stewardesses, and maintenance crews are of highest caliber."

Again, Columbia itself had no pilots, planes, stewardesses, and mechanics, but merely booked tickets for flights farmed out to nonscheduled operators. After Columbia folded, it was charged with having gypped at least 300 air travelers in New York alone of refunds totaling more than $15,000.

Again, under the heading of "unfair business practices" comes the cold-blooded deception of some nonsked operators who advertise that travelers on their planes are insured for as much as $50,000 each. One company presented its customers memos which stated "Passengers on North American Airlines are covered by a blanket policy with Lloyds of London, providing passenger liability insurance up to $50,000 per person."

In a recent editorial condemning such blatant misrepresentation, *Aviation Week* magazine explained that "actually, in this case, it is the carrier who is insured by the insurance company. To collect, a passenger or his heirs might well be compelled to sue the carrier, or threaten suit."

Another significant point: many personal life-insurance policies protect their holders only when they fly on scheduled flights. And the slot-machine insurance available at many airports states specifically that it covers passengers only on regular air-line flights.

THE CAB HAS CLOSED more than a dozen nonskeds by revoking their letters of registration. But the least scrupulous of the men behind such "fronts" merely incorporate under different names, apply for new certificates, and are in business all over again.

Meanwhile, Better Business Bureaus from coast to coast are attacking nonskeds where it hurts—through their advertising media. The Boston BBB recently published a report to radio stations and newspapers, quoting misleading claims by an agency there. Chicago's BBB has circulated a memo of recommended "Standards for Air Transportation Advertising and Selling Practices" to papers and radio stations, while two Los Angeles newspapers—on a tip from the BBB there —turned down one classified advertisement which, according to the Bureau, represented "a new height in attempted deception." This ad read, in bold letters, "*Fly to New York for $13.20.*" In small type under the $13.20 were the words, "tax, plus fare."

One quarter from which the public should normally expect energetic reform are the honest, law-abiding, strictly ethical nonsked operators whose collective reputation is being seriously dam-

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aged by the flying charlatans. But every attempt to organize an effective standard of operation has been thwarted, despite efforts like those of the Aircoach Transport Association, established to govern the ethics of the nonscheduled flight industry.

Obviously, it is up to the public—the disillusioned nonsked passenger, the potential air traveler, and the safety-minded individual—to discipline phony air lines by boycotting them. But how can you tell a phony air line from a legitimate, honest organization? The following suggestions are compiled from material provided by various BBB offices:

1. Do not be fooled by ticket agencies which masquerade as air lines. Make sure that you are buying your tickets for an actual operating company.

2. Beware of flamboyant advertisements from ticket agencies that boast such achievements as "perfect safety record," "millions of passenger miles," or "scheduled flights." Such claims, if they do not specify a particular air line, are meaningless.

3. Does the nonsked agent promise you reservations on "four-engine luxury liners"? About 90 per cent of such advertised flights are on two-motor planes; few of the nonskeds can afford to operate "four-engine luxury liners."

4. Read your ticket carefully *before* you pay for it. In many cases, once the agent has sold space on a flight, he is no longer responsible for any refunds, in event the flight is canceled.

5. In any doubtful cases, telephone or call at your local Better Business Bureau for detailed information. But in every case, make sure that the company with which you are planning to fly is reliable. You may save your pocketbook—and even your life.

Go to Church on Sunday

THE GOOD PEOPLE of Jacksonville, Florida, rode to church—*any* church—free of charge last summer, thanks to a generous good-will gesture by Wiley Moore, president of the Jacksonville Coach Company.

On Sunday morning, all a churchgoer had to do was get on a bus and tell the driver, "I'm going to church." After services, "I've been to church" won him a free ride home.

The possibility of persons using that excuse for a free ride on Sunday didn't bother Mr. Moore much. "I figured if anybody cheated, it would be on his conscience," he explained, "and that would drive him to church anyway."

—STELLJES NICHOLS

"TO FILL OUR CHURCHES we must advertise more," the Rev. Guy Perdue, minister of the White Rock Methodist Church of Dallas, Texas, advised. "God was the original advertiser. He hung out the stars to let 'the Heavens declare the glory of God.' "

—HELEN RUTLEY

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Remember Circus Day?

by RICHARD BARNITZ

Who can forget the wild excitement, the agony of waiting for the Big Show to arrive?

WHEN I WAS A BOY in Pennsylvania, there was no day like circus day; from the time the first bill-car arrived, with everything from singles and halves and three-sheets to the wide spread of the 24-sheets rich with promise of glory to come, I'd count the hours.

Then, the day before the show arrived, I'd watch for the 24-hour man, haunt the hotels, find him and trail him on his rounds, seeing he hadn't forgotten anything. And finally the agony of waiting ended and the great day was here.

The alarm clock zinged at 3 o'clock and I was out of bed quick as a wink. It was dark and cool in the room as I stuffed the alarm clock under the pillow to silence it. I stood there in my nakedness, feeling the fresh night wind coming from the west, promising a clear day. Then, with shirt and pants grasped in one hand, I slipped down the back stairway and scuttled out into the yard.

There were the stars in the sky, reassurance to back up the west wind; I strained every sense, listen-

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ing for sounds of the railroads, conscious of June fragrance of rain lily and clematis and honeysuckle, and suddenly I shivered in the dampness of the dewy grass.

Then I returned to the kitchen and pulled on my two garments and was dressed; I put light-wood in the stove and it flared up presently and I cooked the eggs in the iron pan. The icebox lid dropped with a clatter when I went there for milk, and I stood holding my breath, wanting not to wake the family. But no one heard the noise except the cats, and they came trooping up on the kitchen steps, purring softly for breakfast.

Then I heard the whistle of the train, of the first section, on which were loaded the cookhouse and the menagerie. And my feet were winged, out over the back fence, scorning the gate, flying out the alley to meet the train.

The first section came puffing up the grade, bell clanging, pulling into town. There was nothing to be seen yet, mist shrouded the tracks, but suddenly there was the clank of cars and hiss of steam and then the locomotive towered over me, its headlight weak now in the pink dawn. Then I raced down along the flats on which stood the cages and the slatted cars in which were the led-stock, and I could tell by the way the cars rocked where the elephants were.

The dens were covered with tarpaulins against their brilliant boarded sides; inside the dens were rustlings and strange, muffled sounds. The wagons were dew-moist, and pungent smells were sharp now; I wrinkled my nose and breathed in; I could smell the tigers and I squirmed in eagerness. The baggage horses came down the ramps, roustabouts swarmed from under the wagons, there was clatter and shouting and soon the wagons chunk-chonked off the flats.

I trotted along with the first wagons to the lot where dew sparkled on the meadows, for the sun was now up and smiling on Circus Day from a cloudless sky. The great pole wagons were pulled by 16 horses, great gray Percherons and brown Belgians, giants of horses with gentle eyes and feet that took a shoe of wondrous size.

Chains rattled and there was scuff of elephants and camels and crack of whips and clop-clop-clop of hundreds of horses.

THE HOURS FLEW, the tops were up, the cages cleared of sideboards, the lot was bedlam. Then came parade call and the bands played and the streets were lined with people dressed in Sunday clothes, and there were the gleaming wagons and the beautiful people in all their finery, nodding and smiling to the crowded sidewalks. Oh, the excitement in town!

The show was a big one; it might be Forepaugh-Sells, or John Robinson's Ten Big, or Sells-Floto, or Hagenbeck-Wallace, but never Ringling Brothers or Barnum & Bailey. They were too big for our town of Hanover. We saw them in Baltimore . . .

In that far-off time of boyhood I was torn with emotion and longing, had to decide between the glory of the Big Top or the menagerie top and finally selected the lesser one and hung around the cages. The animals would wrinkle their noses

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and sample the strange smells of another town, never look at you but through you; great cats gazing at the woods and meadows with longing in their yellow eyes.

I loved the cats most of all, the tigers more than any other. I wanted to put my arms around them, lead them off to wooded, rocky glens in the hills near-by and live there with them like that boy in Kipling's jungle books.

I trotted around from cage to cage, darted about the lot, carried water for the elephants, smiled shyly at performers and lost my breath when some trapeze girls asked me to run into town and get them the leather-covered hair curlers used by women in those days. They pressed money in my hand and I was off, running like a deer.

Then the girls tried to pay me for this chore and I was horrified. I couldn't take their money, and so I put my hands behind me, backing off, exclaiming, "Oh, no, no, I can't," and the girls pressing me briefly, then understanding and asking me, "Come on, what's your name? Oh, Richard? Oh, that'd be Dick?" and I said "Yes, ma'am," and my face was red as a beet.

The girls laughed and patted my head and said, "Come along to dinner," and took me by the arm, in the center of the group of six, and sat me down at their table in the cookhouse, and that was heaven indeed. Ah, they were beautiful and good and kind, and I sat there hungry as a bear but couldn't eat much, too excited and thrilled for words, listening to the chatter at the tables, while the girls heaped my plate and treated me just like one of themselves . . .

And now time turns backward again and suddenly I remember another circus day when I was hit by an ultimatum that was a thunderbolt: "You went swimming yesterday when you had grass to cut, so no circus for you, Mister!"

I wouldn't let them see the quick, sharp stab of pain in my eyes. To miss the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus would be tragedy; this was far more important than Christmas. My thoughts darted about as my eyes were fixed on the floor. I gulped and all but choked, forced back the tears, but deep down I knew *I had to go!* And I bolted from the room.

I sneaked out the back way, mounted the fence, and went haltingly through the churchyard next door. Then the town clock boomed and I threw caution to the winds, was off like a deer, over more fences, up the alleys, flashing by the carriage shop and the livery stable, across the streets, out the alley by the barns and hog pens, running until I was panting with a pain in my chest and had to slow down . . .

Finally there was the bright green lot with white billowing canvas and flags and bands playing. I scrounged in under the canvas and never felt one bit guilty. Instead, I found unutterable comfort talking softly to the tigers and lions, the bears and leopards and black panthers, the elephants and hippopotamuses and the zebras and camels and giraffes.

One great tiger, apart from the others, lay asleep in his gilded den, pressing close against the bars. I reached in yearningly as far as my hands would go, gently stroked his heavy shimmering side that rose

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and fell as he breathed. I could feel his great heart beating under my fingers. I was fascinated by his curved black ears with their round white spots. The lightly tufted tip of his tail twitched and flicked up once, his amazingly long stiff whiskers quivered. He dreamed my touch was a falling leaf. This was ecstasy.

"Dear old Tiger, you nice old cat you, gee, if you only belonged to me; I love you Tiger and . . . "

Something grabbed at me, clawed at my neck. I stumbled and fell and saw stars. And then I scratched and wept and kicked, as the cursing keeper dragged me out of the tent.

That night I crept in over the back fence in the moonlight, went up the boardwalk silently, a small ghost, slipped in the kitchen door and listened, slipped up the back stairway and went supperless to bed.

The moon floated up in the sky and I lay wide-eyed, watching the leaf patterns the moonlight made on the bed where it streamed in through the window.

Then out in the street there was the chunk-chonk of rolling dens, headed toward the waiting trains. Behind the gaudy painted sideboards on the dens lay the tigers, nested down in the straw that covers the bottoms of the cages, and my heart contracted and tears squeezed from my eyes and trickled down over dirt-stained cheeks.

I heard the sound of the dens recede, growing fainter and fainter, and the tigers went away into the soft night, far far away, and it was more than a small boy could bear. That night, I cried myself to sleep.

About Mothers

I KNOW A WOMAN who lived on a busy street corner in the heart of a large city. One hot summer night she retired early. The telephone rang. She slept on. Fire engines clanged around the corner and someone next door blasted the night with a radio dance program. She slept on. Her sister arrived with a group of college friends who raided the icebox and played the phonograph full blast. She slept on. Then a remarkable thing occurred. From the rear room at the opposite end of the house came the faintest kind of a voice. It said: "Mommy." Like a shot out of a gun, the woman was out of bed and at the side of her three-year-old girl.

—AUSTIN PARDUE, *Bold to Say* (Charles Scribner's Sons)

A little boy was told by his mother that it was God who makes bad people good. He replied: "Yes, I know it is God; but mothers help a lot!" —THE REV. PHILIP J. CLEVELAND (*Church Management*)

God could not be everywhere, so He made mothers. —Viddish proverb

No man is really old until his mother stops worrying about him. —(*Anon*)

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NINE WAYS TO GROW IN TACT

by JAMES BENDER and LEE GRAHAM

1. Remember to tell others about things you have heard or read that will please them. Don't neglect to pass along compliments. Flattery, of course, is taboo because it's insincere. But honest praise is a great part of tact.

2. Don't forget names and faces. People who keep saying, "I can never remember a name," are much too lazy to develop tact. Anybody can succeed in fixing names and faces in his mind. The will to do so must be there first. Daily practice does the rest.

3. When confidences are shared with you, guard them jealously. Never broadcast idle gossip and malicious rumors.

4. Accent the "you" attitude in your conversation. With enough concern for others, you will cut down on the more egotistic "I," "my," and "mine."

5. Don't make fun of others or resort to sarcasm. People can do without that kind of wit. Instead, try to make them feel important, as if their capacity for success were unlimited.

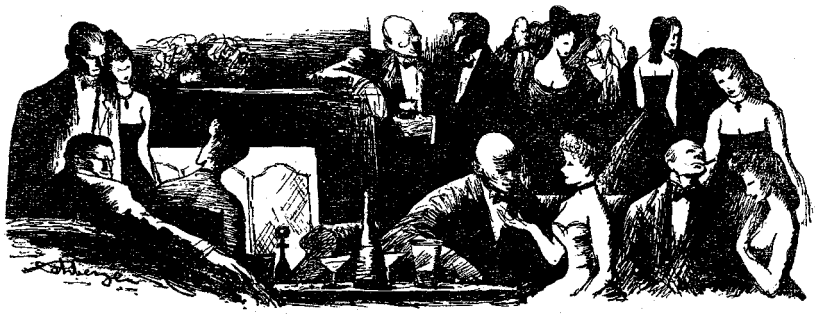
6. Acquire the all-important knack of saying the right thing under embarrassing circumstances. Replace inferiority feelings in other people with a sense of "we're all in the same boat."

7. Once you see you are wrong, be quick to say so. The most charming way to correct a *faux pas* is to admit it good-humoredly.

8. Listen more than you speak, smile more than you frown, laugh *with* rather than *at* others, and watch your manners whether you feel happy or not.

9. Above all, don't try to excuse yourself by saying, "I didn't know." Ignorance of a law doesn't justify you in breaking it. And the same goes for tactlessness. It is true that a tactless person wounds without knowing and a selfish person wounds without caring. But the effect is exactly the same.

From *Your Way to Popularity and Personal Power*, by James Bender and Lee Graham. Copyright, 1950, and published by Coward-McCann, Inc., 2 West 45th Street, New York 19, N.Y.



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Curing NEUROTICS with Whiffs of Gas!

by MADELYN WOOD

An amazing new therapy offers hope for millions of emotionally disturbed people

FOR A DESPERATE Chicago woman, who lived in a world of nameless fears, life had become terrifying. Her maladjustment had taken the form of wild panic, sometimes so unreasonable that it drove her to actions like running from the house, fearful that it was going to collapse. No, she wasn't crazy—she was just another victim of neurosis, which, in one form or another, affects millions of people.

Her only hope, if she was ever to escape emotional destruction, seemed to be the long, painstaking process of psychoanalysis—months of interviews aimed at digging out the cause of her condition from the dark reaches of the mind. Instead, something startlingly different happened to her.

Reporting to a University of Illinois clinic, she was given treatments that involved no interviews, and only a few minutes of time. Through an anesthetic mask, she inhaled a gas so commonplace that it is part of the air you are breathing right now. Yet after five brief sessions at the doctor's office, she was able to report joyously, "My fears are almost gone!"

Can medicine really cure neurosis without psychiatric treatment, by the simple inhalation of a harmless gas? A University of Illinois psychiatrist, Dr. Ladislas Meduna, is proving that it can, in what may turn out to be the most explosive development in psychiatry since Freud.

Dr. Meduna's method of treatment (the inhalation of carbon dioxide along with oxygen) may solve what many worried authorities call our greatest health problem. Under present methods of treatment, our fewer than 7,000 psychiatrists cannot hope to offer treatment to the nation's millions of neurotics. Because the CO_2 treatment can be carried out by general practitioners, it offers a bright hope of new emotional health for millions.

The record of cures is impressive. Carbon-dioxide therapy has knocked out not only anxiety neuroses, but alcoholism, stuttering, frigidity, impotence, ailments like spastic colitis, and even homosexuality, where these troubles were of psychic origin.

Here were shattered victims like the young man who suffered terribly from a feeling of inferiority and felt incapable of normal sexual relations with his wife. CO_2 not only helped him to new success in his job

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but restored happiness to his marriage. A woman who had become an alcoholic and who had even abandoned her children quit drinking and got her children back.

A neurosis victim with spastic colitis was cured of this condition, gained 15 pounds, and found new mental peace. A woman who stuttered violently and suffered from anxiety that had hounded her for years, making her drift endlessly from job to job, not only was cured of the stuttering but found new stability that enabled her to hold down a good position.

The CO_2 treatment is amazingly simple. The patient lies on the examining table, fully dressed, and an anesthetic mask is fitted over his face. Through it he receives a mixture of 30 per cent carbon dioxide, 70 per cent oxygen. After perhaps half a dozen whiffs, the patient becomes unconscious, remaining so for a few minutes while he breathes a total of 20 to 30 times.

In some cases, like that of the woman who had frequent panics, only five treatments relieved her of her worst fears, and she was definitely cured after 36. However, other cases have required as many as 150 treatments.

Dr. Meduna has found that if there is no improvement whatsoever after 25 sessions, there is unlikely to be any, and the treatment is abandoned. So far, its record of success has been about 70 per cent.

HOW DOES THIS commonplace substance achieve its miraculous results? Even Dr. Meduna isn't sure, for the complexities of the human brain are still largely shrouded in mystery. However, he does have a working theory. The cells of the brain are activated by electric currents. Neurotics, Dr. Meduna believes, are that way because some of their brain cells are abnormally sensitive to small amounts of current. Thus, these cells react more frequently than they should, or else more violently, or both. Somehow, CO_2 has the curious effect of reducing the "sensitivity" of these cells to more normal levels.

Patients report fantastic reactions while they are under the influence of the gas. A sense of movement is a common effect. Often the patient sees himself floating in nothingness. "I felt as though I was looking down at myself, as though I was way out in space." Another patient said: "I felt sort of separated."

Although the patient seldom dreams of his actual emotional problem, he often has the feeling that he is puzzling over something during his CO_2 sessions. One patient reported that she seemed to be confronted by mathematical equations. As soon as she solved one, others took its place.

The dream experience often gives other vivid hints of growing emotional peace achieved as the treatments progress. "I had an impression of being in complete understanding and harmony with God . . . failures and successes faded into insignificance and I was part of an all-consuming love, so strong and intense and beautiful. Everything was right . . . always had been right . . . only human thoughts, errors and miscomprehension of the *plan* distorted facts and made the misery and unhappiness that is part of our lives."

Like all medical discoveries, the

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CO_2 treatment as devised by Dr. Meduna is the product of a vast amount of experiment and heartbreak. Researchers had long been fascinated by carbon dioxide's effect on living creatures. As far back as 1827, a scientist discovered that a dog, when exposed to an atmosphere containing the substance, became anesthetized to pain. Later, experiments on people produced such drastic results that CO_2 was soon described by doctors as a "very powerful narcotic poison."

For a whole century, however, no one found any particular medical use for it. Then, in 1926, three American psychiatrists, Drs. Loevenhart, Lorenz, and Waters at the University of Wisconsin, tried administering it to psychotic persons. It did have an effect—and for a time the doctors were hopeful that they had hit on something important. That hope was dashed when the patients returned to their demented condition several minutes after treatment.

In Budapest, Dr. Meduna repeated the American experiments on the same type of psychotic patients. His results were the same—a brief flash of improvement, no more. Yet Dr. Meduna could not down the stubborn thought that a substance with such powerful effect on the mind, even though brief, must be worth further investigation. Perhaps it hadn't helped the psychotic patients because the biochemical disorder in their brains was too great to be overcome. But what about neurosis?

His early experiments on neurotic patients produced such startling results that a few years after he came to this country in 1939 Meduna was able to get backing for large-scale research. It was Dr. Meduna who, in the early '30s, introduced a revolutionary method of treating psychotic diseases: he used Metrazol and other drugs in the shock treatment of schizophrenics. Aided by grants from the Rockefeller Foundation and the Josiah Macy, Jr. Foundation, he now plunged boldly into the work that may become one of medicine's milestones.

DR. MEDUNA's discovery would not be of such great significance if it were merely a laboratory curiosity. What gives it sweeping importance is the fact that there are no obstacles to keep it from being widely applied, at a cost that puts it within reach of millions.

A 1,400-gallon tankful of the gas costs about nine dollars. This amount will treat 20 patients, three times a week, and lasts a doctor approximately three weeks. At that rate, Dr. Meduna figures the cost of gas for a single treatment at about five cents!

The treatment also is fast; a doctor can give about ten in a single hour. CO_2 therapy is thus so inexpensive, says Dr. Meduna, that "even poor patients can afford it."

Though aware that his method is still somewhat controversial, Dr. Meduna believes that it has now reached the stage where it can be widely applied. "I am convinced," he says, "that the CO_2 treatment will be a new and satisfactory tool in the hands of general practitioners. Even if it remains exclusively in the hands of psychiatrists, it will be of great advantage. One can imagine the increase in the efficiency of a psychiatrist if, in one day, he

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can treat 20 to 40 neurotic patients instead of eight to ten."

Dr. Meduna is sure that all the possibilities of CO_2 have not yet been explored. He gets evidence of that when it becomes the probe that reveals secret problems the patient doesn't even know he has. For example, a patient who came for treatment of spastic colitis, of many years standing, was unaware of any troubles other than this one.

Her colitis improved, but so did her mental stability. Before treatment, the woman had been erratic, inclined to jump to conclusions; now her judgments became calmer and more intelligent.

Perhaps Dr. Meduna's most startling problems are those that come when patients are unable to accept their good fortune. A patient whose mental problems had expressed themselves in stuttering confessed his discomfort when cured of this disability. "I've been suffering for thirty years," he admitted, "and now I feel it is not natural for me to speak normally."

The woman who was cured of her panics announced, "I feel so good now that I don't believe it. I don't believe it, so much so that now I am developing fears that the old panic might return."

Dr. Meduna had the cure for those fears, too. He just gave her ten more CO_2 treatments!

The Story of a Ring

WITH BITTER SELF-REPROACH, the little Irvington, N. J., jeweler recalled it was the only wedding ring he had ever permitted to leave his shop unengraved. And now the marriage was on the rocks. A wedding ring was more than just a piece of metal one made a profit from, he reasoned, and sentimentally he had followed the marriage career of all who came to him for the bright little band that binds.

There had never been a failure—all of "his" marriages had found happiness, as though his rings were warranties of the future—until the report of this divorce came in. Grimly he closed shop that night and strode to the home of the unengraved ring.

He apologized most humbly but insisted they return "his" ring—at double the price they had paid. There was too much at stake, this divorce talk of theirs was an ill omen—all "his" people had found happiness—all but these two. The ring, please!

Gradually they eased him to the door, but they couldn't shut out what he had said. They alone! For the first time in weeks they spoke kindly to each other. It was awkward, at first, of course. Then, gradually, the differences that had estranged and embittered them were reconciled. They remembered the happy days of courtship; the stillness of the church; the solemnity with which they had pledged their love "till death do us part." Reconciliation, they discovered, could be beautiful.

The expression on the jeweler's face was dead-pan when the happy pair brought the ring in to be engraved. But only while they were there. —CHARLES F. CLAIRVILLE

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Let the SENATE *Shape Our Foreign Policy*

by ALVIN JOHNSON

An expert on world affairs offers a program to rid America of a national weakness

TODAY, PEOPLE EVERYWHERE are saying that we Americans are confused. That is not true—we are not confused, we are uneasy. We are uneasy because we are face to face with a mortal enemy.

That is new in our experience. We have had enemies in war, but now for the first time we encounter an enemy in peace—an enemy who refuses to come to an understanding, who at home or abroad is seeking to undermine us.

This enemy, Soviet Russia, is powerful. But so are we. Russia has more manpower than we have or ever can have. We have more industrial power than Russia has or ever can have under her totalitarian system. And in open conflict, though manpower may win the first battle, industrial power wins the last battle. That has been proved conclusively in two World Wars; it can be proved in a third.

So, on the grounds of might against might, we have no reason to feel uneasy. What disturbs us is that our enemy knows exactly what he wants, and we do not know what we want. Whatever Stalin decides, every representative of Stalin throughout the world accepts without reservation. We, on the contrary, have no consistent leadership to depend on. We meet the Russian drive with a debating society.

The situation would be serious enough if we merely indulged our debate in private clubs and forums. But we also indulge it in our Senate. This is our national weakness. We hope it may not prove fatal. But we cannot be sure.

The wise men who set up the Constitution of the United States knew well that we would fall into parties and factions on all sorts of issues. But the Constitution makers meant us to be one in foreign policy.

In those simple days, it was assumed that all foreign policies would be included in treaty making. And in order that treaty making might be above party or factional strife, it was provided that the President, "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, two-thirds concurring," should make all treaties.

What the Founders contemplated was the equal responsibility of President and Senate in determining foreign policy. It was not planned that the President and his official family should take all initiative in foreign affairs, and then present almost an accomplished fact to the Senate for ratification. No; the Sen-

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ate, as the high council of the States, was to advise and consent.

We have traveled a long way from the setup of the Constitution. Today, the Senate still must ratify treaties, *but our international relations are no longer fixed by formal pacts.* In recent years almost all foreign relations have been handled by the President through his war power as Commander in Chief (as for example Teheran, Yalta, Cairo, Potsdam, Korea) or by Executive Agreements, which are often more important than treaties.

Meanwhile, the Senate, intended by the Constitution to be a wise council representing the best political thinking of the United States, has become a discordant group of men prepared to thwart, if they like, treaties that occasionally come before them.

The Senate today has 96 members; and were there ever 96 men gathered together without some fools, some self-advertisers, some who would sell their country down the river for personal political advantage? Yet no one has ever come near the Senate without realizing that here are some of the finest patriots and abilities America has ever produced. But, alas, the Senate today is impotent to determine foreign policy.

Whose fault is it that the President has usurped this vast power, and that the Senate has fallen from its high estate? Have we had a succession of Presidents bent solely on building up their power? We have not. Have we chosen Senators so badly that the Senate's power in determining our foreign policy has withered away? No; what has destroyed this power is plain arithmetic. The Senate has grown too large to serve as the Constitutional high council on foreign affairs.

PRACTICAL AMERICA learned long ago that when numbers grow too large for effective action, the solution lies in the creation of committees of the best and most efficient minds, with power to act. With the growth in size of our Senate, committees have multiplied. But they are not selected by the principle of the best and most efficient minds. On the contrary, they are selected mainly on a basis of seniority, the easiest and most unsatisfactory basis. And being thus a body that commands no confidence, a Senate committee can delay, it can report, but it cannot act.

Fortunately for America, there is a solution to this crucial problem. It lies within the power of the Senate to set up a committee to consult with the President and the Department of State on all matters of foreign policy, not only treaties but also contemplated Executive Agreements. And during these critical days for our country, such a committee should be organized, promptly and without dispute.

The committee should be strictly bipartisan, with equal representation (say six Democrats and six Republicans), elected by the representatives of the parties in the

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Now president emeritus of the New School for Social Research in New York, Dr. Alvin Johnson served the school as director from 1923 to 1945, and made it an institution which exercised a marked influence on American social thinking. Economist, author, and educator, Dr. Johnson has written nine novels, textbooks, and essays.

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Senate. Discussion of foreign-policy proposals brought before the committee by the President and Department of State should be treated as top secrets. With two-thirds of the committee concurring, the President should proceed to action.

Formal treaties, to be sure, would have to be laid before the full Senate, and the Senate would of course retain the right to challenge any action of the committee. If such action were disapproved by a majority vote in the Senate, the committee should be recalled and replaced by a new one, thus establishing a principle similar to Parliamentary responsibility in the British Government.

Would the President accept these limitations upon the powers he now exercises at his own discretion? Undoubtedly, since no President can afford to fight for prerogatives not plainly assigned to him in the Constitution. If he exercises such powers now, it is by default of any practical arrangement by which the Senate can exercise the co-equal power over foreign policy conferred upon it by the Constitution.

If some such plan were launched tomorrow, it is likely that months, perhaps years, would be required to make it work smoothly. The utmost consideration would be required on the part of both Administration and Senate. Packing the committee with enemies of the Administration would defeat the hope of any really creative reform; and an Administration that refused to cooperate with a reasonable committee would have to answer in the next election. But assuming that the reform was wisely carried out by both sides, there is no doubt that it would bring a new and constructive influence to bear on our international relationships.

Unless some such reform is introduced by the Senate, the foreign policy of this country will continue on the uneven, even dangerous, course that has characterized it in the past few crucial years. Meanwhile, the American people will continue to be uneasy in the face of the gravest threat that has ever faced this nation.

It is time for them to urge that the Senate recapture the power granted to it by the Constitution, and thus give to our foreign policy the kind of consistency that is vital to America's newfound leadership in world affairs.

First Things First

MARLENE DIETRICH once promised a press agent to let him ask her a hundred questions, anything he wanted to know, to help him write interesting copy about her for the papers. The first thing he asked was, "Do you, speaking as a woman with wide experience in both fields, consider it more important to be proficient in the kitchen or in the boudoir?"

Miss Dietrich replied, "The kitchen is the most overrated place in the whole world." —JAIK ROSENSTEIN, *Hollywood Legman* (Madison Press)

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Not According to WEBSTER

by BENNETT CERF

WITH EVERYTHING else changing, some people feel that definitions of words should be changed occasionally, too, if only to keep in the spirit of things. Uninhibited savants (a few of whom even revealed their identities) have suggested the following variations; we hope bolder readers may be able to air them in good health.

ALIMONY: When two people make a mistake and one continues to pay for it.

APOLOGY: Politeness too late.

BANKER: A man who loans you an umbrella while the sun is shining and makes you return it as soon as it starts raining. —BOB HOPE

ECONOMIST: One who knows tomorrow why the things he said yesterday didn't happen today.

FISH: A creature whose vacation usually coincides with those of most fishermen. —P. GILBERT

GIRDLE: A device to keep an unfortunate situation from spreading.

LOVE: The most fun without laughing.

PERFECT GUEST: One who makes his host feel at home.

PERFECTIONIST: One who takes infinite pains and usually gives them to everybody around him. —A. KRICHBAUM

PROPAGANDA: The other side presented so convincingly it makes you furious.

PSYCHOANALYST: A man who, when a beautiful young lady enters a room, watches everyone else.—DR. F. DUNBAR

PUNCTUALITY: Something which, if you have it, there is nobody ever around to appreciate it.

QUARTET: Four people each of whom thinks the other three can't sing.

RABBIT: Small animal that grows fur other animals get credit for when it's made into a lady's coat.

SECRET: Something you tell to one person at a time.

STENOGRAPHER: A girl you pay to learn to spell while she's looking around for a husband.

SYMPATHY: One woman listening to another until she's heard all the details.

SYNONYM: A word used when you can't spell the one originally intended.

TOASTMASTER: A man who eats a meal he doesn't like, to get up and tell stories he can't remember, to people who have already heard them. —GEORGE JESSEL

TREE: An object that stands in one place for a century, then leaps in front of a lady driver.

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE

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Picture Story

Great Emotions

The story of man's basic feelings,

as told by the world's famous artists

EMOTION is a force that can transfer us instantly from good to bad and back to good again. Stricken irrationally with rage or terror or tears, we wonder at ourselves, and then, recalling the tempests of childhood, half-suspect that the children we used to be still live on, unchanged, inside us. But like another mysterious force, electricity, emotion also can light up our world. The problem is to find constructive outlets for it. Art is one outlet, and here, in these pages, some of the world's greatest painters honor the emotion that made their masterpieces possible, by showing us symbolic portraits of our secret feelings.

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THE SMALL COWPER MADONNA BY RAPHAEL. NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D. C. (WIDENER COLLECTION)

LOVE

Love is considered the noblest of emotions, simply because it is the one most capable of releasing us from the prison of our selves. When we love purely, the tyrannous self bows down to the object of affection; the chains, binding us to appetites and habits, fall away; we seem to soar. But, beware the love that increases self-esteem, no matter how romantic it may appear! Spangled with moonlight and set to music, it still is selfishness, masquerading as its opposite. The highest form of love on earth, wise men tell us, is love of God, for it is the antithesis of self. And, surely, next in order comes that endless ritual of devotion, the love of a mother for her child. Ever since the early days of the Renaissance, artists have been fascinated by the pictorial possibilities of mother love and have dedicated their finest canvases to it.

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LUNCHEON OF THE BOATING PARTY BY RENOIR, THE PHILLIPS GALLERY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

JOY

AN ELDERLY Beau Brummell once was asked which, of all his experiences, had given him the greatest joy. The questioner expected to be answered with a reminiscence of some colorful love affair. But, after thinking a minute, the old man replied: "Walking down the street on a May morning when I was eight years old. The sounds and sights and odors of that morning still enchant me!" Joy is the most sudden and surprising of emotions. We can prepare for it long in advance, lay elaborate plans to trap it by means of parties, travel, holidays—only to have it elude us. Then, when we least expect it, the sun comes out, the world takes on a brighter hue, and we rejoice. And so painters, like Renoir (above), often show us joy, not in a strange and special scene, but in a commonplace one, transfigured by light and wonder.

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UNFAITHFUL SHEPHERD BY PIETER BRUEGEL, JOHN G. JOHNSON COLLECTION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FEAR

WHAT is this feeling that turns our bones to water and dissolves our manhood? It is fear. At night, when we were children, fear stalked the halls, creaked on the stairs. Although at last we let ourselves be comforted to sleep, it was too late. Fear had found a hiding place within us; and as we grew older, we never knew from minute to minute when it would make us betray our trust—as happened to the faithless shepherd pictured here. Thousands of years ago, this craven emotion was a saving thing, a quality that helped our ancestors endure in a hostile world. Now the problem of survival has changed. The threats we face today cannot be evaded. They are more psychological and moral than physical, and fear is their ally. So we try to exorcise it from our hearts, enshrining there instead its opposite—courage.

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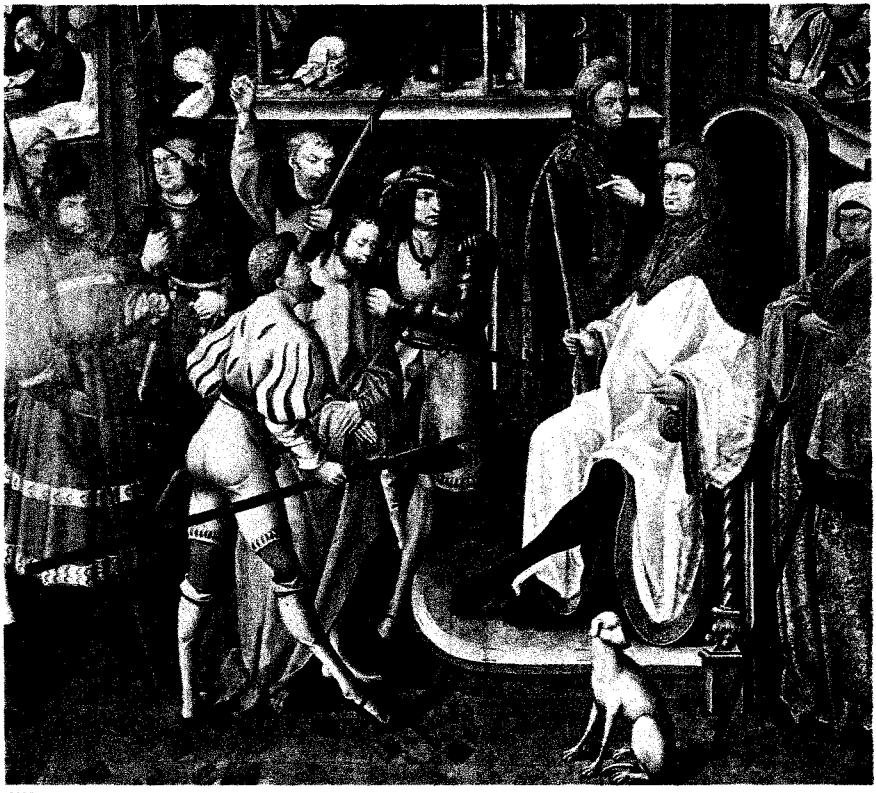

CHRIST BEFORE CAIAPHAS BY MASTER OF KAPPENBERG, JOHN G. JOHNSON COLLECTION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HATRED

HATRED is perennial. It tortured the High Priest, Caiaphas, when, as the above painting shows, he was called upon to judge Jesus. Today we have seen its fruits in wars, concentration camps, and the vast numbers of the dispossessed. Sometimes it wears the familiar face of intolerance, sometimes the white hood, sometimes the neat, anonymous business suit. Occasionally we know it more intimately, in the beat of our own blood—and afterwards we know the secret shame that follows. For, though hatred at times has served high purposes, it has done so in the manner of poison, and those who have experienced it realize its insidiousness. Anger and indignation may be deplored, but at least they attack openly and have a kind of warmth. Hatred is cold; it bides its time, puts on ingenious disguises, and strikes its victims in the dark.

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THE PENITENT ST. PETER BY EL GRECO, FINE ARTS GALLERY, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

SORROW

FOR THOSE who, like the Apostle Peter in the above painting, are overwhelmed by sorrow, there is an old story of a man who could not abide the suffering of the world. He longed to visit Elfland, where the people were not like humans: they knew neither pain nor sorrow; they only laughed from sunup to sundown. He yearned so much for this carefree land that at last a laughing, green-clad lady came to fetch him. He dwelt among the Elves for seven years. When he returned, his neighbors heard his tale with wonder. "And did they finally turn you out of Elfland?" they inquired. He answered, "No," and hung his head. "They would have let me stay. But they are a strange folk. After a time I could not endure their constant merriment. It came to seem that I could never be happy again—unless I heard the sound of weeping."

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THE VISION OF TONDALYS ATTRIBUTED TO HIERONYMUS BOSCH, DENVER ART MUSEUM, DENVER, COLORADO

GREED

ALTHOUGH, clinically speaking, it may not be correct to classify greed as an emotion, no one with any knowledge of the world will object to doing so. For the sad fact is that greed becomes the basic emotion of many people. Sometimes, as in the case of profiteers and hoarders, we read its victims' names in headlines, but the floodlight of publicity is not our only means of identifying them. Greed has many different ways of betraying itself—in the gesture of a hand, a glance, a fleeting, ravenous expression. And, each time we detect it, we cease to consider the person concerned a whole person. He becomes a caricature. It is correct to view him so, for greed distorts the personality, as the medieval painter, Hieronymus Bosch, was aware, when he painted his nightmarish vision of the greedy, suffering the punishments of Hell.

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DEATH OF SARDANAPALUS BY DELACROIX, HENRY P. MCILHENNY COLLECTION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

LUST

WHERE love humbles itself, lust tries to humble, to overcome and even to annihilate its object. The scene, pictured above, shows lust in its final, annihilating phase. Trapped by his enemies, the self-indulgent Assyrian King, Sardanapalus, gathered his wealth and wives and concubines about him and immolated all. Love never seeks to destroy those to whom it goes out: its constant preoccupation is their well-being. As a consequence, it is able to adjust marvelously to the widest possible range of conditions. Lust is inflexible. Men and women, bound together in its relationship, must reduce their personalities to the single facet lust demands. In a relationship of love, we have the freedom to grow and expand, but lust holds us in a space as narrow as the grave to which it consigned King Sardanapalus centuries ago.

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THIRD CLASS CARRIAGE BY HONORÉ DAUMIER, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK CITY (HAVEMEYER COLLECTION)

DESPAIR

IF OUR EMOTIONS wore colors, rage would no doubt appear as flaming red; hate as chilly blue; love, the all-inclusive, would be represented by the full spectrum; and despair, which the above painting forcefully projects, would show a drab gray. Despair is the last emotional resort, a kind of death in life. Settling like heavy clouds, it contracts our horizons, shortens perspective, until the universe is bounded by our misery. This process of constriction seems inexorable. Yet it can be halted. If we try, we can revive our smothered interests, teach our minds to reach out again toward the blurred forms of things not immediately connected with ourselves. Thus, little by little, we re-expand the narrowed universe, until one day we wake up and find the world so fresh and shining, we scarcely can remember wanting to give it up.

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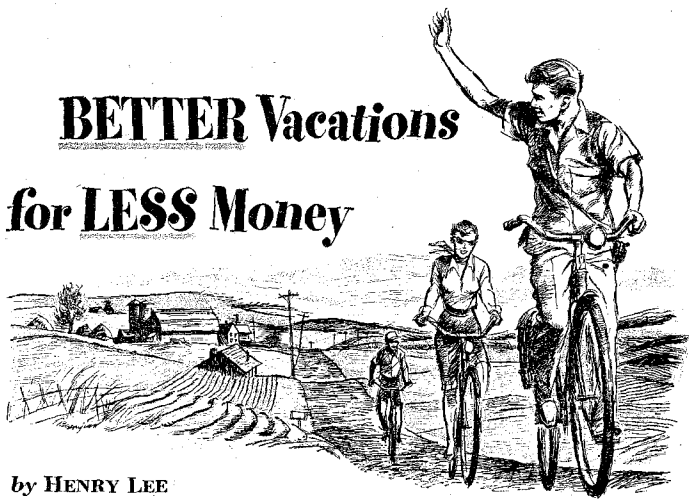
BETTER Vacations for LESS Money



by HENRY LEE

There are lots of ways to have a low-cost holiday, and now is the time to plan it

THIS YEAR, why don't you enjoy a really different, exciting vacation and at the same time pay a good deal less money for it? Sounds too good to be true? As a matter of fact, you *can* do it. All you need is the know-how and the willingness to plan in advance.

Here are five tested "packages." Any one of them should save you from ten per cent up on your usual holiday outlay, and the pleasure of a *different* kind of fun will yield extra dividends that can't be measured in dollars and cents.

1. *The Off-Season Trip.* This is the surest way of avoiding those twin bugaboos of too many people and too high prices.

At first thought, a cabin at the seashore or mountains, *not* during the popular midsummer months but in September, October, or perhaps November, may startle you. Once, indeed, the off-season vacation was "unfashionable," but today, according to the American Society of Travel Agents, it is considered smart and popular. And, of course, it is considerably cheaper.

There is only one precaution to keep in mind: be sure that you aren't heading into the cold or rainy season. In general, however, you will be surprised to find that the weather is an overrated hazard (occasional hard luck excepted!) and your chances of bad weather on the off-season trip are no greater than at any other time of the year.

Popular notions to the contrary notwithstanding, Florida is a wonderful place for summertime tourists. The temperature averages 82 degrees and there are gentle, cooling breezes from the Atlantic.

At Miami Beach, about 225 of the 356 hotels stay open after the winter departure, many keeping on

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full staffs and offering such special attractions as free breakfasts.

Where the winter vacationer paid $30, $35, or even $40 a day, the off-season bargain hunter obtained the same accommodations for $12, $14, and $16. Off the ocean, $20 and $25 rooms went for $6 and $8 a day, and whole apartments could be obtained for $50 monthly—against a rental rate of $2,500 for the three-month winter season.

Here's a tip. If you want to go there, investigate the "excursion rate" offered by some air lines from May 15 through November 1. For example, one line recently was selling an "all-expense aerial tour" for $164.70, plus 15 per cent tax.

Besides the round-trip flight, the tourist received seven days and seven nights in an ocean-front hotel, free breakfast, a steak dinner at a night club, a sight-seeing tour, and a boat cruise!

2. *The Adventure Vacation.* In Chicago last summer, a grade-school teacher bored by her job arranged an exciting schedule of summer fill-in positions for herself, ranging from hat-check girl in a night club to door-to-door canvassing. She met new people, found herself in strange situations, and made a fairly good summer's wage, too.

"Best of all," the teacher says, "I got the restlessness out of my system and actually welcomed the first day of school."

This kind of job-adventuring is especially valuable for young persons undecided about a career. One word of caution, however: steer clear of the strongly organized industries or you may find yourself involved in union-management regulations about apprenticeship, training, and the like.

Young persons who want physical adventure at nominal cost (or salary) have dozens of opportunities—for example, jobs as lifeguards, camp counselors, or farm and logging workers. There are, too, walking or cycling jaunts, such as the American Youth Hostels offer.

As a different type of adventure vacation, a scholarly bookkeeper in a small Midwest town devotes his time off, each year, to studying the history of his own tributary of the Missouri River.

Each winter he pores through regional history books for clues about the river and each summer explores it further towards its source, traveling by bus, a spur-line railroad, and sometimes on foot.

3. *The Hobby Vacation.* Happiest of all vacationists are the hobby enthusiasts who, once each year, suddenly find themselves with two whole weeks in which to watch birds, study rocks, collect postage stamps—or ride fire engines.

One friend of mine follows the circus on his annual holiday; another worked a season as a roustabout; still another is a "fire buff" in a small New England town.

Each year, the latter devotes his two weeks to filling in when the one paid member of the department goes on *his* vacation. He polishes brass, makes beds, hoses down the station and, of course, rides on every fire and false alarm. While he was thus enjoying himself thoroughly, the town, with dry New England humor, gave him a medal as a model civic worker.

More sedate hobbyists, like stamp

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collectors, time their vacations to attend important auctions and conventions, and fill in their spare days by visiting stamp dealers. As an indication of the popularity of the hobby vacation, thousands of philatelists from all over the country attended a stamp exhibition in New York City a few years ago.

4. *The Educational Vacation.* For the family with children, an educational tour is infinitely more rewarding —and cheaper, too—than ordinary sight-seeing.

Last summer, a businessman brought his family to Oklahoma City so the children could study the oil industry first-hand. Having written ahead to the oil companies, the family was royally received. The children talked to the drillers, saw them at work, and learned how oil is refined and transported.

Each night, the father briefly reviewed the day's activities, tying in the youngsters' vivid remembrances with the over-all picture of oil. When they returned to school in the fall, the children received a string of A's for their special-project reports.

Even if you decide on such an obvious destination as Gettysburg, Washington, D.C., or the Grand Canyon, you will make it a *different* vacation by reading up in advance so that the topography, the natural and man-made wonders, will actually come alive when you get there. It will be cheaper, too, since you will avoid time- and money-wasting missteps.

5. *The Stay-at-Home Vacation.* With a little imagination, home can be almost as exciting as any trip, and much less expensive and tiring.

Here is the way an economy-minded young San Francisco couple worked it out last year. Figuring how much they would save by a stay-at-home vacation, they were then able to allow themselves a full-time maid for two weeks, nightly meals in the best restaurants, a couple of shows, and all the tennis and golf they wanted.

Best of all, they cut down the clothing items on their family budget because the home vacation also yielded the price of new outfits.

A group of parents ran off a cooperative summer's program of activities for the children. There were athletics, sewing classes, bird-watching, picnics, storytelling, and hikes. Each mother took full charge of the entire group for one week—and thereafter was free of her own offspring for the balance of the vacation season.

There are so many stay-at-home ideas! One friend of mine just goes to bed and rests for a week; a woman I know sends her two sons to camp, moves her bed downstairs, and doesn't do a lick of housework while they're away.

General Tips.

1. Select the "vacation package" which most appeals to you and put down on paper (a) your destination, (b) your vacation fund, and (c) your estimated expenses.

2. If it looks as if you are going to end up with a deficit, restudy your destination and the method of transportation. Obviously, a vacation by bus, or one nearer home, will eat up less money. If only *time* is a problem, consider the advantages of flying.

3. Find someone who has vaca-

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tioned at your prospective locale within the last year or so. Don't take ten-year-old advice! And, of course, you can get reliable, up-to-the minute information from your local travel agent.

4. Don't make mere mileage or snob appeal the criterion in choosing a vacation spot. Primarily, you want fun and relaxation.

5. This summer, enroll in a vacation savings club at your bank. Like the Christmas clubs, these weekly plans will return $50, $100, or more for regular deposits of $1, $2, and up. Next summer, you will have a vacation nest egg.

6. If you are caught without any vacation plans, you can often quickly arrange, through friends or a newspaper advertisement, to give up your city apartment for two weeks in exchange for a home in the suburbs or country.

Though our vacation problems may be different, we can avail ourselves of the two fundamentals of the experienced traveler—know-how and planning—to best assure zest-filled holidays.

Why not start your summer planning *now*, so that this year you can enjoy the pleasures of a different yet economical holiday?

Love Will Be Served

IT WAS IN AN ARTHRITIS ward of a hospital. The boy on crutches fell in love with the pretty black-haired girl in the wheel chair. He longed to take her to the movies. Could it be arranged? He decided to find out. He started by consulting the hospital superintendent.

"Yes, if her doctor agrees."

Her doctor did agree, if it had the approval of the head nurse. The head nurse approved but said the night nurse must be consulted, as she would have the extra work on her return, and finally the nurse on duty now must be asked.

All were willing, but this determined young swain was not through yet—he must call the theater to arrange for the wheel chair to be pushed in, and then he must find a taxi driver husky enough and willing to lift the girl from the chair to the car. He did.

So far so good—now he must ask the lady in question.

She would be delighted, she said, but assured him it would be impossible. She was incredulous at the extent of his arrangements.

When the news spread through the ward, it took on the appearance of a girls' dormitory. All ambulatory patients gathered around. Some fixed her hair, one put on her make-up. Someone contributed earrings and someone else supplied perfume.

The girl was radiant and beautiful when the taxi driver came for her. We sighed and exclaimed at her beauty and youth, and slept very little until her return.

The young man said his good nights in the hall, and the taxi driver lifted her onto her bed. Then the nurse came in to help her.

"It was wonderful," breathed the pretty black-haired girl. "My first date!"

There wasn't a dry eye amongst us then. —MRS. EVELYN GRANT

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The Court of Curious Customs

by JOHN L. SPRINGER

The only tribunal of its kind in the world interprets our complex tariff laws

"WHAT IS A ZIPPER?" For months a handsome, gray-haired man sought the answer to that question. He studied how zippers work. He heard thousands of words of testimony by mechanical engineers and professors of physics. He compared zippers with scores of devices to learn how they were alike or different. Then he legally defined a zipper as an object made of metal.

This simple definition was worth thousands of dollars to the Federal Government. For the gray-haired man was a judge of the U. S. Customs Court, one of the most unusual courts—and the only one of its kind—in the world. His decision put zippers in one of the many classifications set up by Congress to govern the rates of duty on various imports. Because of that definition, importers of zippers pay higher duties than had he ruled that zippers were machines.

In their staid headquarters in New York, the nine members of the court, as interpreters of the complex customs laws, puzzle out what Congress had in mind when it classified and set up tariff rates for the hundreds of thousands of articles which pour into the country every year.

The judges have ruled on everything from apricot kernels and cigar bands to jigsaw puzzles and mixed-feed oats.

"What's the nationality of a whale?" an importer asked the court one day. "The law says a tax should be paid on whale oil only if it comes from a foreign country. I brought in whale oil from the open sea. Therefore it should be duty free."

But the judges finally decided: "Those were Norwegian whales. Nationality follows the flag, and whale oil put upon a Norwegian

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ship becomes a product of Norway." This netted the government an extra $3,000,000 in duties.

Much of the court's brain-wracking stems from a tariff provision which says that the customs collector must decide the legal duty on imported goods. If no specific paragraph of the Tariff Act applies, he decides to which article covered in the law it is similar in material, texture, quality, or use. Importers may protest his classification, however, and take their complaint to the Customs Court.

Applying the rule, the judges have decided that tennis rackets are toys when less than 24 inches long, but athletic equipment if longer; that washerwomen are ladies, therefore washerwomen's gloves are ladies' gloves; that frozen lamb is fresh lamb; and that frog legs are chicken and not meat.

Once, an importer brought differently shaped cotton pincushions into the country. A customs man held up one shaped like a pear. "You'll pay 60 per cent duty on this," he said. "It's artificial fruit." Then he picked up one shaped like a tomato. "This will be 45 per cent. It's an artificial vegetable."

The court upheld the customs man, but most imported pincushions now look like vegetables!

THE CUSTOMS COURT has operated under its present name only since 1926. Before that, it was the Board of General Appraisers. Its judges usually have had well-rounded legal or business experience. The present chief judge, Webster J. Oliver, was a Brooklyn businessman and an assistant attorney general in customs practice.

Like old-time circuit riders, customs judges tour the country to as many as 100 cities, where they hold court for the convenience of importers. An importer can have a case tried within 60 days. But delays by witnesses, lawyers, importers, or investigators tracking obscure information sometimes extend cases for years.

One such case lasted seven years, and much of the time was spent sipping drinks. The question involved saki, the Japanese alcoholic beverage. Like beer, it is made from grain, but by a wine process. The court had to decide: is it more like beer than wine?

A government attorney visited brewers throughout the country, handing them liquids to taste and taking down their opinions. After amassing 600 pages of testimony, he finally went to court. The verdict: saki is like wine.

Individuals often claim overcharges on personal imports. Traditionally, the court gives them the same courteous treatment as million-dollar importers. Once a bridegroom bought a set of Louis XVI furniture in Paris for his bride. When the shipment arrived, customs men noted the tapestry was made of silk and wool. Conforming to law, they exacted a stiff duty.

The bridegroom protested, and his representatives spent months preparing the case. Finally the judges handed down their decision, upholding the bridegroom. But he shook his head sadly and said, "It's too late now. My wife has left me."

Benjamin Arthur Levett, a lawyer and authority on customs history, says that millions of dollars in refunds have been won for clients

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because of the misuse of a word or punctuation mark in a statute. The famous "Case of the Unwelcome Comma" cost the government more than $2,000,000 in duties. The free list of the Tariff Act of 1872 as signed by the President included "fruit, plants tropical and semi-tropical." Fruit importers had been paying a stiff tax. When they saw this comma, they claimed free entry.

Investigation revealed that Congress had intended to include only "fruit-plants" in the free list. Nobody could tell how a comma instead of a hyphen got into the act. Fruit importers enjoyed advantage of the error until a new law was passed, years later.

Customs Court records bulge with spectacular examples of tariff loopholes. Once, to protect domestic wool manufacturers, Congress put a high duty on cloth made entirely of wool. One importer studied the law, smiled knowingly, and dictated detailed instructions for the next shipment. When it arrived, he pointed out that the high rate did not apply. He had ordered a few threads of cotton sewed into the wool!

Technicalities like these work both ways. Recently a businessman imported thousands of suitcases, confidently expecting to pay only 35 per cent of their value as tax. But a customs man shook his head. "See this inside pocket?" he said. "A thin string of elastic braid calls for a 90 per cent tax."

The importer paid the tax, then went to court to try to collect a refund. "Sorry," said the jurists, "but the law says that where there's elastic braid, you have to pay."

Another time, an American in France injured his wooden leg. He could not find anyone in Paris with the parts to repair it, so he shipped it back to the manufacturers in this country. When the leg came through customs, however, the collector pounced on it.

"You must pay duty!" he ruled.

"But it's my own leg," the American protested. "Who ever heard of paying duty on one's leg?"

The customs man referred the case to his superiors. They passed it on to the Treasury Department in Washington. Finally legal minds agreed that, according to strict interpretation, the American was importing merchandise and had to pay duty.

"In this case, however," Treasury officials said, "we will make an exception. But," they warned the American sternly, "hereafter when you go abroad, kindly keep your legs with you."

Wrong Number

A KANSAS CITY store clerk listened patiently to a customer's description of a hat in the window that had attracted her attention, then gently broke the news to her: it was a handbag. —*The Keesler News*

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Festival

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS is not all a struggle for existence, a grim and constant battle between the forces of life and death. There often come times of relaxation, of playfulness, of airy joy, of drollery, and even of the spirit of festival.

Late one December afternoon, I made my way through the dusky semitropical woods of a sea island toward the Carolina beach, guided less by the dim pathway than by the soft thunder of the surf ahead. While I was in the forest, a deep twilight had fallen; but when I emerged from the oak and pine and palmettoes, the whole world was suffused with a radiant afterglow that lighted the ocean and the far sweep of the island's fairy shores. On this island the deer lurk in the coverts all day; and at sundown they come forth to feed on the marshes of the interior.

But on this particular evening, some of them at least apparently had no thought of feeding. Hidden in a cluster of myrtles on a dune, I saw certain delicate forms come stealing out of the woods. Five I counted, then ten; then 16. And all were trooping toward the beach, where certainly no dinner awaited them. So shadowy

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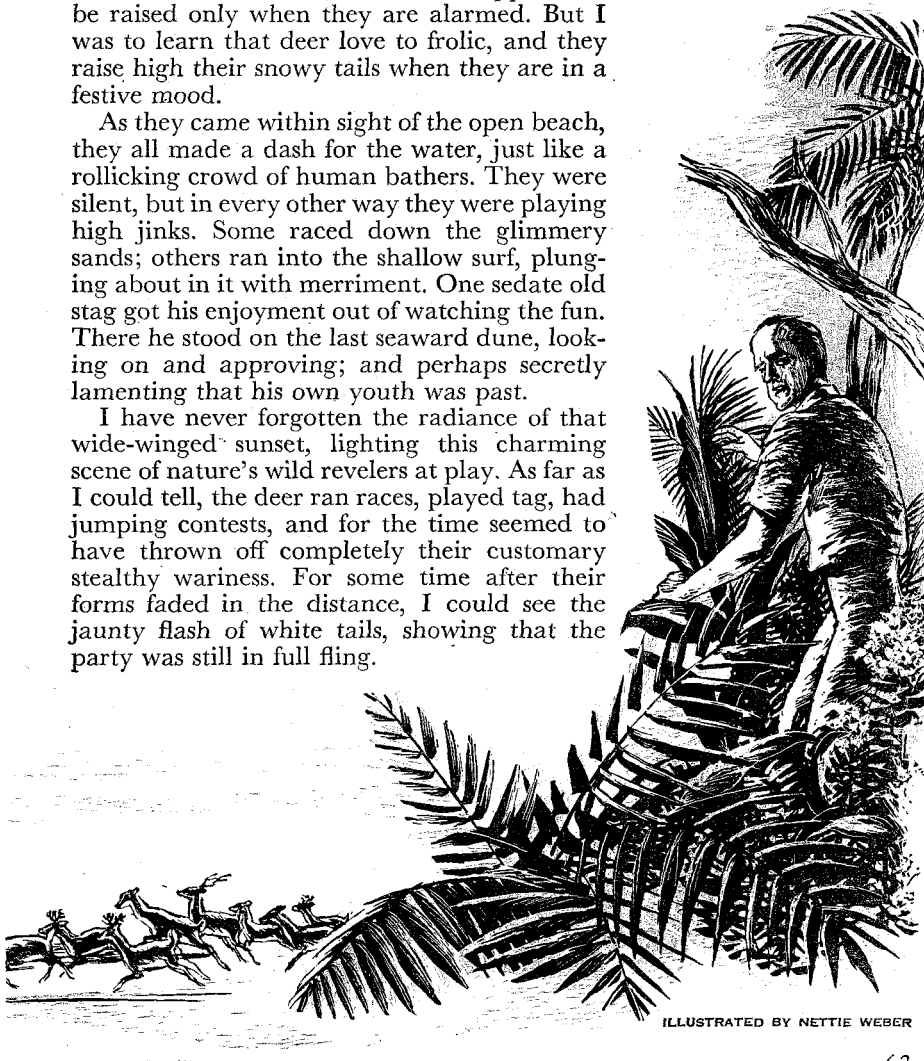
were they that I detected some of them only by their vivid white tails, which are supposed to be raised only when they are alarmed. But I was to learn that deer love to frolic, and they raise high their snowy tails when they are in a festive mood.

As they came within sight of the open beach, they all made a dash for the water, just like a rollicking crowd of human bathers. They were silent, but in every other way they were playing high jinks. Some raced down the glimmery sands; others ran into the shallow surf, plunging about in it with merriment. One sedate old stag got his enjoyment out of watching the fun. There he stood on the last seaward dune, looking on and approving; and perhaps secretly lamenting that his own youth was past.

I have never forgotten the radiance of that wide-winged sunset, lighting this charming scene of nature's wild revelers at play. As far as I could tell, the deer ran races, played tag, had jumping contests, and for the time seemed to have thrown off completely their customary stealthy wariness. For some time after their forms faded in the distance, I could see the jaunty flash of white tails, showing that the party was still in full fling.



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LILLIAN RUSSELL

Glamour Queen

by ANN FIELDS

Courted by millionaires and adored by millions, a great theatrical star was as wise and kind as she was beautiful

ON A NIGHT IN MAY, 1915, the elite of New York City were gathered at a charity performance in the old Metropolitan Opera House. One after another, the stage and screen greats were introduced, to an accompaniment of cheers and applause. Suddenly a hush settled over the audience as Henry E. Dixey announced, almost with reverence: "Here comes The Queen."

Down the aisle walked a beautiful, majestic woman, gorgeously gowned and jeweled. There was an audible gasp as all eyes turned in her direction. Then, according her the greatest tribute that could be paid an artist, the audience rose to its feet and stood silent while Lillian Russell took her seat. She was 54 years old that night, but she was still The Queen, just as she had been throughout her life.

Lillian Russell, the good girl of the theater, was the most beautiful woman in America, and also the most beloved. For almost half a century she enchanted millions, for she was as witty, generous, and wise as she was beautiful, and her talents matched her virtues. She could sing like a nightingale, was superb in comic opera, and equally great in straight speaking roles.

Every man of her day wanted to marry her—and four did. Instead of flowers, they threw fortunes in jewels at her feet. "Diamond Jim" Brady worshiped her for a decade, adorned her with priceless gems, and offered her a million dollars to marry him.

Although born in Iowa, Lillian Russell moved in London, Paris, and Berlin society, as sought-after as any

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queen. She defied a royal command and returned a prince's jewels. Her marriages brought her heartache and tragedy, yet through it all she moved majestic and serene, always the great lady. Unlike most of the theatrical notables who left their mark on stage history, she suffered none of the indignities of poverty and scandal, and her last stage appearance drew as much praise as her first, if not more.

Hers was an era remembered for its free-living, free-spending millionaires; and it was she who helped make such names as Tony Pastor, Rector's, Delmonico's, Weber and Fields, the glorious legend that they are today. Yet while she seems a part of a memory long past, Lillian Russell played an important woman's role in World War I.

Writers of the day exhausted all known adjectives in describing her beauty. Her golden hair was worn in the manner of her times, long and slightly waved, sometimes parted in the middle and again brushed back in a pompadour. Her eyes were described as "the color of lilacs after rain." Her mouth was almost a cupid's bow, and her teeth were white and even.

However, it was Lillian's form for which she was famous, a form which would have elicited wolf whistles even today. Hers was said to be the perfect hourglass figure—a tiny waist with large hips and bust—the fashionable style of the time. Her erect carriage, plus the asset of rather long legs, would have given Lillian an edge over most glamour girls today.

The Queen was also endowed with brains and independence. While singing in Germany, she was seated at breakfast when the door flew open and two officers stood at attention. Then an elegantly attired gentleman entered, bowed, and announced: "Prince Henry of Pless presents his esteemed compliments and desires your company in Parlour L at 12 o'clock tonight to take supper with him."

This had not been entirely unexpected, for the arrogant Prince had sent a nightly floral offering. Lillian calmly replied, "Please tell His Highness I never take supper with anyone with whom I am not acquainted."

That night, attendants staggered up the theater aisle with a huge floral tribute. Inside was a dragon fly made of diamonds and rubies.

Next day Count Hohnlau again presented himself, and with this message: "If the lady will please ride her bicycle in the park tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock, where the Prince will be riding, he will dismount and speak to her."

Lillian dropped the bediamonded dragon fly into the Count's hand and said: "Tell the Prince I am an American and not obliged to obey his royal commands. And tell him that I wouldn't get up at that hour of the morning to see George Washington cross the Delaware."

The Queen could speak three languages, and few ministers could excel her profound knowledge of the Bible. Her last husband, Alexander P. Moore, publisher of the Pittsburgh *Leader* as well as Ambassador to Spain and Poland, said of her: "All the world talked of her beauty. It is strange that I think only of her mind. I have seldom met its equal in any walk of life."

Little in Lillian's background

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or early education endowed her with the charm and intelligence that would later conquer two continents. She was the fifth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leonard of Clinton, Iowa, who gave her the name Helen and promptly called her Nellie or Nell.

From the very beginning, Lillian showed the virtues that were later to be the despair of many, and the joy of most. She used to come home from school minus shoes, coat or jacket because she had found someone who she thought needed them more than she did.

When the Leonard family moved to Chicago, Lillian was placed in a convent in the hope she might overcome some of her tomboy ways. Later, Mrs. Leonard moved to New York with her daughter, and while Mamma whooped it up for Women's Suffrage, little Nell studied voice under Dr. Leopold Damrosch.

The great Tony Pastor heard her sing at the home of a friend, and offered her $75 a week to appear in his variety theater.

Little Nell gasped, fully aware of the honor, for Pastor was considered the greatest showman of his time Yet, terrified of her rambunctious mother, she would have said no, had not Pastor suggested a solution. "We will give you a new name and not tell your mother until we see how it goes."

The following night Nell "went for a walk"—and hurried to the theater. There Pastor had a list of names, among them Lillian Russell. The 18-year-old Nell said: "I'll take that one, I love all the l's."

When she walked on the stage, all pink and white in a voile dress with a big blue bow tied back of her golden hair, the audience gaped. Her voice was as beautiful as her face. Within a week, Lillian Russell was the talk of the town.

Each night she pretended to her mother that she was with a friend, until finally a reporter who lived in the house told Mrs. Leonard: "There's a girl singing at Pastor's who looks exactly like your daughter. Let's go see her."

When Lillian had sung her first song, Mamma stood up and proudly shouted: "That's my Nell!"

LILLIAN'S FIRST husband was Harry Braham, who conducted a theater orchestra. They had an infant son, whom Lillian adored.

One day, while she was at the theater, the baby was accidentally given an overdose of medicine. Within hours, the child was dead. This not only broke Lillian's heart, it broke up her marriage.

Although tragedy had entered her personal life, her adoring public was not aware of it. Lillian's fame was assured. She could have any engagement she wanted, and almost any salary. After a series of successful tours throughout the country, she looked longingly to a new field —the London stage.

Before sailing for England, she eloped with Edward Solomon, who had composed one of her most successful songs, *The Silver Line.* Together they planned to take London by storm: Solomon would write the roles and Lillian would star in them. Unfortunately, the London critics were not immediately kind to The Queen and her husband. It took three years of hard work before Lillian won her London audiences.

In 1885, a year after her daugh-

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ter, Dorothy Russell Solomon, was born, Lillian decided to return to America. The three years in London, if anything, had increased her popularity at home. She was greeted with open arms by everyone, including her mother who had disapproved of the second marriage.

Her mother's misgivings proved to be well-founded when Solomon's undivorced wife appeared on the scene. Lillian secured an annulment, and for a second time personal tragedy was dimmed by the triumphs of her career.

Now the greatest single attraction on the American stage, The Queen had grown rich beyond imagination for a person in theatrical life. Her income of $60,000 for a 35-week engagement, plus a percentage of the house, was a minor item compared to her worth in jewels. Almost from her first appearance, the wealthy gentlemen of her day considered the fair Lillian far too superior for mere flowers.

One nameless admirer first sent her a ruby and diamond bracelet. Then for three months little packages kept arriving—without a name attached—until the jewelry they contained was estimated to be worth $100,000.

At Christmas a bouquet of flowers was delivered, and tied in the ribbon were ten $100 bills. Shortly thereafter came a large box with two beautiful fur coats.

One night at a dinner party, an unprepossessing man told Lillian he would like to show her a special painting. He had been introduced to her simply as Jack Duncan. Without a thought she agreed to meet him at a museum. After they had discussed the painting, he turned suddenly and said, "I sent you that bracelet, and the earrings."

Before she could recover, he went on: "My name is not Jack Duncan. I shall never speak to you again. But I sent you the jewelry because I know that you are as good as you are beautiful. You should have the things you want without temptation—so this is good-bye."

With that he left her. For years he continued to send jewelry to The Queen, though she never saw him again and never knew his name.

TWO OF LILLIAN'S most devoted millionaires were the fabulous "Diamond Jim" Brady and Jesse Lewisohn. Between them they gave her well over $500,000 worth of jewels. She paid $57,000 for her New York town house, and furnished it with costly antiques. She owned a mansion on Long Island and a large estate in New Jersey.

The Queen continued to score hit after hit with Weber and Fields at the Music Hall. She was entertained at the White House, while J. P. Morgan, Richard Harding Davis, Stanford White, and the future President Harding were frequent guests in her home.

Lillian's third marriage—to Signor Perugini, tenor in the opera company of which she was the star—ended in divorce. But if Lillian knew heartache through the failure of her own marriages, she felt it even more intensely when her daughter Dorothy made four quick and disastrous trips to the altar.

During Dorothy's babyhood, Lillian would not even trust a governess to stay alone with her, after the tragedy of her first child. She insisted upon taking Dorothy

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with her to the theater and tenderly placed her in an improvised trunk-bed during her act. When the child was old enough, Lillian put her in a convent in New Jersey and spent all of her free time with her. Later, Dorothy was sent abroad to study at the finest schools.

The daughter, however, was doomed to a spotlight as pitiless as that of her famous mother, and her every act was chronicled as faithfully. Consequently, when she went through her four marriages, the publicity she received in the nation's press was not kind.

Only in Lillian's last marriage was there any measure of permanence. She was 51 when she married Moore, retired from the stage, and settled down to the life of a Pittsburgh society matron.

During World War I, Lillian became one of the most beloved "Sweethearts" of the armed forces. She traveled to almost every camp in the country, entertaining, giving away a fortune in her own money to make soldiers happy. When the war ended, she was sent abroad by President Harding to study immigration problems.

It was on the ship returning from Europe that she fell one night and injured herself. No one thought it serious. She made her report to Congress and retired to her Pittsburgh home. Shortly afterward she became ill, and on June 6, 1922, Lillian Russell died.

The nation was stunned. At President Harding's order, her casket was lowered into the ground at Allegheny Cemetery with full military honors. Prominent upon her coffin were flowers from the White House. Memorial services were held for her in every leading American city.

Alan Dale, one of the foremost dramatic critics of the day, expressed the sorrow that was universal: "Everyone who knew her knew that her help was theirs merely for the asking. It is cruel to realize that Lillian Russell has passed on. She would never have grown old, and now she never can."

New Teeth for Old Saws

A new broom sweeps clean—until the vacuum-cleaner salesman convinces you otherwise.

The woman pays and pays—because she is always buying something on the installment plan.

Charity begins at home—which is only fair, since that is generally where poverty begins.

Opportunity knocks but once—but what does a girl care? She's generally waiting for a ring.

—ANDREW MEREDITH

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THE VANISHING HOTEL

by LEONARD LYONS

For one bewildering, frightening hour, a tourist's world mysteriously disappeared

IT CONCEIVABLY could happen to anyone—to you or to me—under just the right circumstances. That's what makes it so strangely terrifying. In actuality it happened to Kathryn Lewis. For one horrible hour, part of her world inexplicably vanished into space . . .

Kathryn Lewis, wife of the late Lloyd Lewis, distinguished Chicago editor and Civil War historian, had never been to Mexico. So when she received a sudden invitation to accompany a friend who was making the trip, she was delighted. The lady who was to have been her friend's traveling companion was at the last minute unable to go. All tickets had been bought, all reservations made. There was only time for Mrs. Lewis to decide, not enough for packing or preparations.

"All you'll need is a toothbrush," her friend coaxed. "We wear the same size clothes, and I have enough for us both." So Mrs. Lewis went—with only a toothbrush and traveler's checks.

The two ladies barely caught the train for New Orleans, where they boarded a vessel for Veracruz. A few minutes before the ship left, a telegram arrived for Mrs. Lewis' companion—an urgent message that her father was dying. She persuaded Kathryn Lewis to proceed without her and rushed to the airport to fly home. So Mrs. Lewis sailed alone for Veracruz.

The voyage was uneventful. So, too, was the rail trip to Mexico City. She arrived at dusk and was met by a travel-agency man who took her to the Hotel Ontario.

She stared out into the twilight settling over Mexico City and wondered what to do on her first night in this strange country. Then, with the warmth and initiative which made the Lewis household in Chicago so popular, she invited the hotel receptionist downstairs to

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be her guest at dinner. "I'll gladly pay you for your time," said Mrs. Lewis. "I don't want to dine alone my first night here."

The receptionist accepted.

Mrs. Lewis cashed one of her traveler's checks and deposited the others in the hotel safe. Then they took a taxi to Sanborn's, mecca for American tourists.

After dinner, Kathryn Lewis paid the receptionist, who departed hurriedly. Then Mrs. Lewis strolled through Sanborn's, selecting a few souvenirs.

With little more than cab fare left, Mrs. Lewis walked outside, entered a taxi, and asked to be taken to the Hotel Ontario.

The driver had never heard of the hotel, and asked for the address. She didn't know. They consulted the doorman, who shook his head. The cab driver went into Sanborn's and looked in the phone directory. There was no Hotel Ontario listed. He called Information, who had no record of it.

The driver then phoned the Police Department. There was no police record of a Hotel Ontario. Shrugging, the driver departed.

Mrs. Lewis remembered the travel agent who had met her at the station—he would know. His card, fortunately, still was in her purse. The manager of Sanborn's phoned him; there was no answer.

Frightened and bewildered, she thought of phoning her husband in Chicago—but Lloyd Lewis was away on a writing project. In desperation, she begged the manager to send for an ambulance, so she could be taken to a hospital.

"No, madame," she was told. "Hospitals are for the sick."

Kathryn Lewis tried to think. Was this real? Was it happening? And to her? It *couldn't* be! Yet it *was!*

Sanborn's was ready to close. Impatient employees eyed her suspiciously. "Will you try the travel agent just once more—please?" she asked the manager.

He called the number again—and the agent answered. Yes, there *was* a Hotel Ontario, only a few blocks away.

The Ontario had recently been converted from an office building into a hotel, the agent explained. He had booked Mrs. Lewis and the friend who left the boat in New Orleans as the first guests.

The Ontario was to open, officially, next morning. Which was why Information had no record of it as yet, why the Police Department had no listing in its hotel registry—and why, for one horrible hour, part of Kathryn Lewis' world had suddenly and inexplicably vanished into space.

A Look Will Tell

THE "ADVICE TO the lovelorn" editor of a daily newspaper received this query from a young man: "Please let me know why a girl closes her eyes when a fellow kisses her."

Stepping out of character for once, the editor replied: "Let me see a recent picture of yourself and maybe I can tell you."

—MILDRED NORTH

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Women in White

Photographs by Stan Lee

She is the spiritual sister of nuns and princesses. Florence Nightingale gave her a mission, and today she kindles her flame at the lamp of that first angel of mercy. She walks among the sick and the wounded, and though her resources are sometimes only a smile and a whispered word, she has tempered the mortality tables of the world.

This is her story. Although these pictures were made at the Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, N. Y., the spirit of dedication which they reflect is a symbol of the nurses who serve all the American people.

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Julia Connolly was a student under Nurse Stephanie Hussa. Now she shows Mrs. Hussa her baby for the first time.

Ada Mollenhauer has been a nurse for 26 years. She has learned that "I become friend and family to these women."

JUST BEFORE DAWN, No. B 12 flashes on the hospital call board. A slim nurse looks up from her charts and walks swiftly to a darkened room. With deft hands she lifts the child's hot head, puts a glass of cool water to his fevered lips, gently lowers him to his pillow. A wan smile thanks her, and she returns to her charts.

Under the brilliant light of the operating room, a surgical team works on the inert form beneath sterile sheets. With the precision of long years, the surgeon's fingers probe, his knife cuts quickly, surely. And by his side, her hands attuned to his thoughts, a nurse passes instruments, sponges, sutures. Three hours pass under the garish light. The operation ends and the patient is wheeled out. Wearily the nurse pulls off her mask. Then, on his way out, the surgeon pats her shoulder gently—another job well done.

Shrouded in swirling snow, a public-health nurse picks her way through a valley of tenements. Few others are abroad this day, but she has a patient on this side of town, a polio patient whose helplessness is underlined by the fretful boredom of her three young children. The nurse's visit is more than a matter of massage and muscle therapy. It is hot lunch for the children, games, a bleak day brightened by a smile. The nurse reaches the house and climbs to the third-floor landing. A small, thin girl opens the door and her face comes suddenly alive. "Oh, you've come!" she whispers.

A smile, a pat, and a whispered

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Nurse Theresa Poris' postoperative patients must be fed intravenously. Acutely aware of its importance, she watches carefully as Dr. Robert M. Leeds prescribes the diet mineral content for a patient who has had most of his stomach removed.

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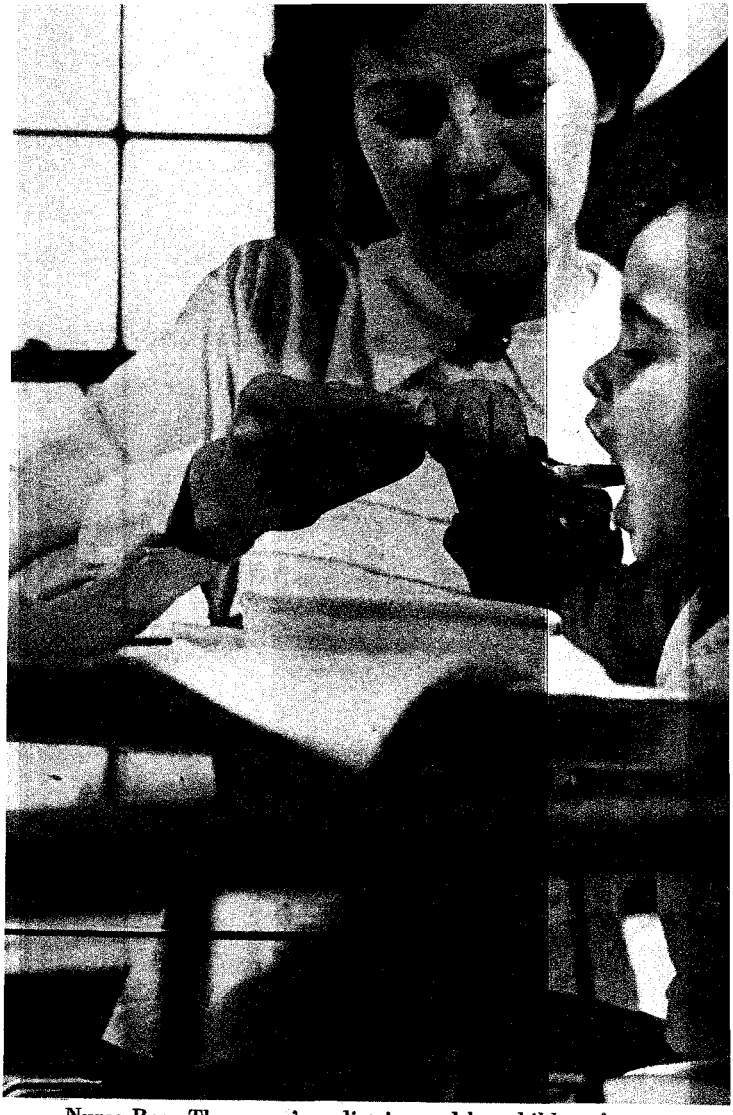

Nurse Rose Thompson's pediatric ward has children from two to t
cases ranging from respiratory infections to malnutrition. Her ma
the confidence and affection of the children so that they will no

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In the diet kitchen, "probies" learn to prepare meals for diabetics and pre-operatives. Then they eat their food.

In conference rooms on each ward, students listen to lectures on cases they have seen, make notes, ask questions.

word. Small things. But to a slim girl in pediatrics or a nurse who has just come out of a blizzard, it represents an end to a long road. It is the reward for three years of study and practice. It is the reward for a lifetime of dedication.

Some people don't understand that. They say that a smile isn't enough for exposing yourself to the angry demands of disgruntled patients, for doing the hard work and taking the long hours and the low pay. Maybe only nurses understand it. But ask this year's 50,000 nursing-school graduates. Ask the 300,000 nurses on active duty in hospitals, doctors' offices, army camps. They will tell you that a patient's smile evokes deep gratification, that a whispered word of thanks is a payment that goes beyond the never-ending grind of emergency.

Student Nurse Lillian Snellman, Class of '53: "I worked in an office once and I used to count minutes. It isn't like that here. You're working for more than a pay check."

Maybe it begins with the example of an older friend. Maybe it begins with a magazine article or a movie. However it begins, there is rarely a voluntary turning back.

Each March and September, at the registration desk of one of America's 1,200 nursing schools, a girl from Lone Tree, Iowa, meets a girl from San Francisco, California; a girl who worked in a dime store meets a girl who just got out of high school. They come from everywhere; they did everything. But they have this in common:

They were graduated with the

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upper half of their high-school class; they are in good health; vocational tests have shown them to have an aptitude for nursing.

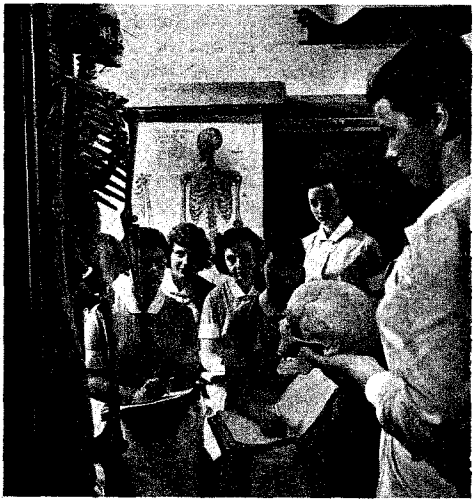
There are questionnaires to fill out, tests to take. In a building with the feel of a college dormitory, they are assigned to rooms, loaded with textbooks, schedules, instruction sheets. The girl from Lone Tree and the girl from San Francisco, finding themselves in adjacent rooms, smile shyly at each other, begin putting their things away. In rooms just like theirs up and down the corridor, bright-eyed girls are doing the same thing. For three years they will be classmates, sorority sisters, and co-workers. One in three will leave for reasons of health or grades, almost none by choice.

Margaret Power, Student Adviser: "Some girls leave to get married and have a baby, but in the 14 years I've been here, I can remember only one who failed to come back and finish her course."

In the first hectic days of becoming oriented, there is time for little more than a quick "Hi" between excited "probies" who walk swiftly from class to class. But as the first days stretch into weeks, patterns of work and play are set: classes from 8:30 to 4:30 five days a week, two days off.

Often the dormitory atmosphere is charged with expectancy of that all-important phone call. There are late-evening confidences between girls, dances in the lounge, a theatrical group, parties. It is almost like a college. But there is one important difference: every girl in the dorm is aiming at one shining goal; every girl is learning to deal with emergency; every girl will be in class next day because the lesson she misses may be responsible for the gap in her chain of knowledge

Student Catherine Curley adjusts dummy "Mary Chase's" bedclothes. She will practice in her Pennsylvania home town.



All students spend 112 hours studying anatomy and dissection, learn medical terms and function of human organs.

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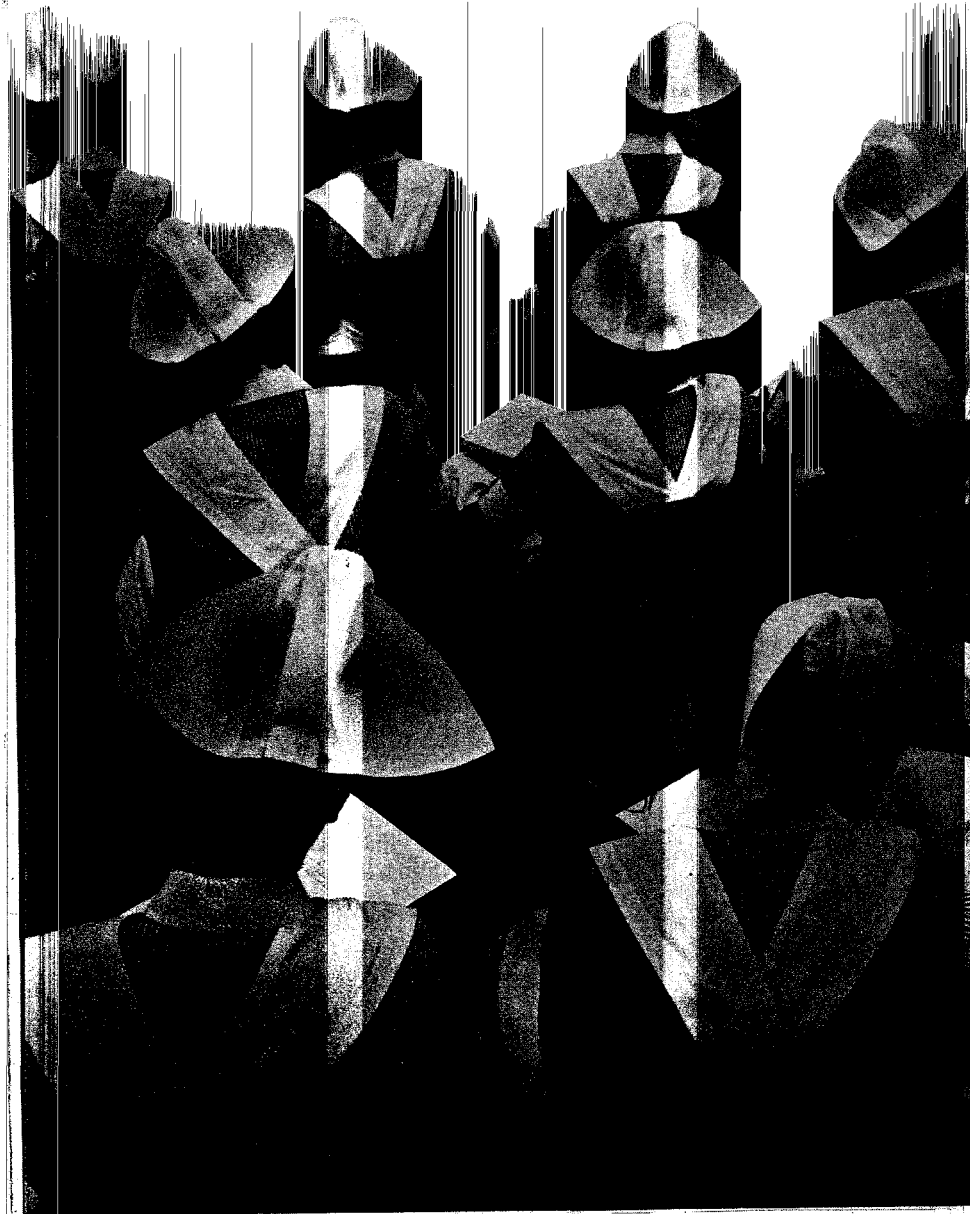

The capping ceremony makes "probies" an official part of the hospital staff. Students must deposit $100 for fees on admission, then receive $20 a month for expenses. They must always have enough money to travel home in case of emergency.

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Joyce Stalljohann *(left)* is permitted eight late leaves a month. Like most seniors, she takes advantage of them.

In the playground across from the hospital, Rosemary Cavanaugh, who is married to a doctor, takes her turn at bat.

that endangers a patient. And every girl knows it.

Six months pass in a whirl of lectures on nursing arts—how to make a bed; anatomy—the universal language of medicine; microbiology—how to fight the germs; nutrition—48 hours; sociology—16 hours; pharmacology—32 hours.

There are demonstrations on the sponge-rubber dummy that serves as a perennial patient and that nurses everywhere call "Mary Chase." And for a few provocative days, there is closely supervised practical work on the wards. Sometimes, in a moment of quiet, the girl from Lone Tree looks at the white uniform worn by the charge nurse and is lost in a reverie of the future. The white uniform seems miles and years away.

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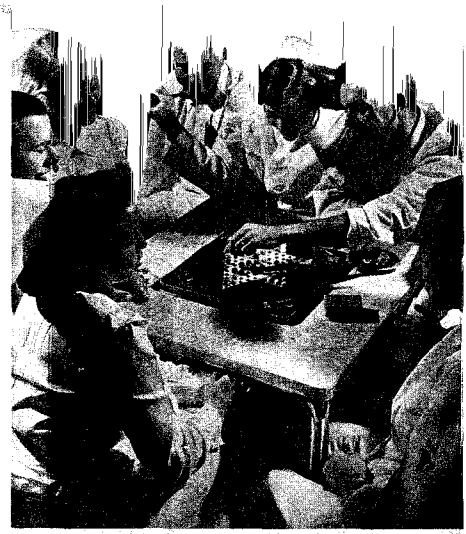
There is a private lounge on each floor of the girls' dormitory. That is where most students gather in the evening.



On most big holidays, the nurses decorate their wards and have a party for the patients. "It's a part of the treatment."

Student Nurse Catherine Curley, Class of '52: "The first six months are the hardest."

Suddenly the endless preclinical pattern of lectures, films, and classes changes. In a hushed auditorium, the girl who worked behind the dime-store counter sits with 155 of her classmates and nervously clutches her candle. A ceremony as hallowed as a sacrament has begun. Names roll over the seats. Girls rise and walk forward. And then *her* name is called.

She carries her candle to the lamp that was once carried to the bleeding soldiers of the Crimea by Nurse Nightingale. They put the cap on her head and then, almost for the first time, she really believes it; she is going to be a nurse.

Student Nurse Rosemary Cavanaugh, Class of '52: "It was—sort of holy."

The trial period is over, but there are still two and a half years of nursing and learning ahead. There will be other presentations: the cape, the white shoes and stockings, the ring—each representing a new phase of training, another six-month step toward the white uniform.

Now, the girl from Lone Tree and the girl from San Francisco seldom see each other. They are almost always on the wards and hardly find time to tell each other how they made a splint or prepared a hypodermic needle. And though their every move is closely supervised, there is something profoundly satisfying in such a commonplace as taking a patient's temperature.

They move from ward to ward:

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Mary Gathercole, Class of '44, is in charge of instruction on the pediatric ward. Besides acting as ward nurse when on duty and knowing each patient's medical history, she is responsible for all student nurses assigned to the pediatric ward.

surgery, maternity, pediatrics, psychiatry. Each day brings new questions, new observations, and, in their conference rooms, they listen carefully to the lecturer and try to correlate all they have seen and experienced. They learn about diet therapy, psychology, dermatology, geriatrics. They work in the outpatient department and care for broken arms or shattered nerves. Their days are a procession of test tubes, dressings, trays, hypodermics. Their minds are growing surer, their hands quicker.

Summer comes and they go back to Lone Tree or San Francisco or Wyoming or Pennsylvania. They can hardly wait to talk about all the things that have happened to them since they left home, but when they do, they wonder whether anyone but a nurse can understand. Toward the end, the four weeks begin to drag, and they are almost happy to start back.

The days fly by with alarming rapidity now. Graduation draws closer and there is much soul-searching in the dorms these nights: *Am I learning enough? Will I ever be able to handle a patient myself?*

For this is part of the dedication —the intensity and the sudden

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A vital job in surgery is setting up an aseptic field. Toward this end, a nurse may scrub her hands 20 times a day.

fright when the great day dawns.

Yesterday they were students and girls. Today, they are nurses and women. What has happened to them? What have they learned? Here are some of the answers:

Ann Kahl, Class of '51: "When you work with people who are depending on you, there's no room for anything petty."

Ada Mollenhauer, R. N., Class of '24: "Some people see this as a beautiful profession. It isn't. You're working with the abnormal. You see people at their worst. But they're people, and when someone sits up for the first time in months, part of you sits up too."

Ann May Foley, R. N., Class of '47: "What better preparation could there possibly be for marriage or motherhood? I'm not talking about classroom facts. I'm talking about an attitude you can only get on the ward."

And there are questions: "What's ahead?" "*Where do I go from here?*"

The paths are many, but on each one there is that first moment when the doctor says calmly, "It's your case now, Nurse." Then the fright magically falls away, to be replaced by an automatic response born of three years of doing. All that matters is that the patient is sick and needs your compassion almost as much as he needs your skill.

For some, it is the armed forces. There is a greater need for a gentle hand in service hospitals than ever before. There is need for the warm face among suffering men on the battle line, for the quick hand with the blessed needle, for the skill that has kept American wounded-mortality rates at their lowest point in medical history. Even for those who

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Nurse Gathercole holds a new patient. On the pediatric ward, only the nurse on duty is permitted inside the patient's room. The nursery is even stricter. There, the nurse must wash her hands every time she picks up or puts down a different baby.

choose other paths, there lies in the back of their minds the certain knowledge that should their country call, they stand ready.

Frances Murphy, R. N., Class of '50: "I'm going to stay on here at the hospital for a year's experience. Then I'm going into the Navy."

Hospitals all over America cry for reinforcements for their thin line of nurses.

Elizabeth Zaleski, Class of '51: "They made me a nurse. I want to stay on, for a while, at least."

What will you do, hospital nurse? Children's orthopedics? Help that little girl take her first step in two years? Talk to the four-year-old boy while he sits in the swirling Hubbard tank and feels life coming back to his wasted legs? Dole out the large portions of TLC (tender lov-

Even for a simple appendectomy, there are usually two nurses in attendance. Caesarians take six, sometimes eight.

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Between 4 and 12:30 A.M., Erminia Arciello is head nurse on the admitting unit. All patients are entered by her.

Irma Tomko is on the admitting unit, too. She helps care for the one ambulance patient admitted every six minutes.

ing care) that were recommended by the doctor?

Rose Thompson, R. N., Class of '46: "You have to love them to be happy; Lord knows I love them."

Or is it surgery, Nurse? Check the chart. Be sure the consent is signed. Did the patient ask to see a clergyman? What's his temperature? Pulse beat? Stand under the hot lights and watch and think and feel. You're a part of the man with the scalpel. He doesn't have time to ask where the sutures are. They must be in his hand when he wants them. They've been averaging 38 operations a day in surgery lately. You're busy. But you're doing the thing you used to dream about nights in the dormitory, the most demanding work a woman can do.

Or is it maternity? How long will it be before you lose the thrill of holding a new life in your arms and watching the amazement on the father's face? Will you lose the thrill in a year? In ten years? You'll never lose it, Nurse, because you helped to put that look of amazement there.

You make $145 a month if you live at the hospital. Next year your salary will be raised $10 a month. You work a 40-hour week and you usually get two consecutive days off and a four-week vacation.

But it's more than statistics and figures, isn't it, Nurse? It's what happened to you when you came to this hospital more than three years ago. It's knowing that you will always be welcome and needed and useful. It's the flame within you that burns clear and bright, and that, once lit, will never go out.

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Oxygen may be given for respiratory difficulty, poisoning, or cardiac failure. When she has a patient in an oxygen tent, Nurse Josephine Devino must check to see that it is filled, that seven to 14 liters are flowing in, that the humidity is at 68.

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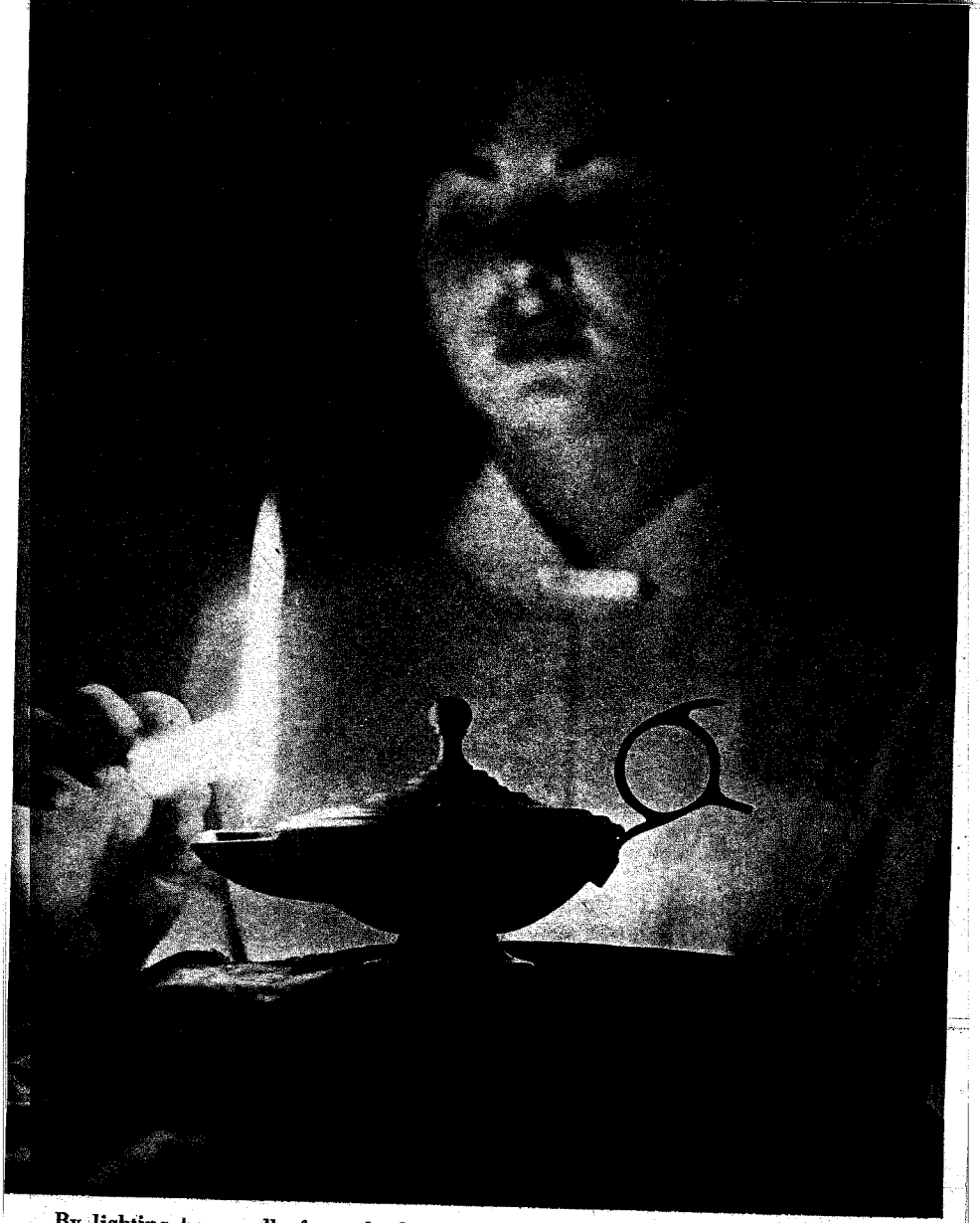

By lighting her candle from the lamp symbolizing the one carried by Florence Nightingale long ago, Catherine Curley becomes a student nurse. "I'm only 19 and I haven't seen much. But I've seen enough to know that this is where I belong."

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Yankee King of the Tropics

by J. P. FOLINSBEE

What strange fate led a Marine sergeant across the seas to become a Haitian ruler?

ALONG THE SMOKY, forbidding mountain coasts of La Gonave, a tiny fishing boat skimmed between coral reefs and slipped into the primitive harbor of Anse-à-Galets. A solitary, square-jawed, towheaded marine alighted with his gear. It was a morning early in June, 1920.

Sgt. F. E. Wirkus, USMC, took stock of the curious black faces and glistening half-naked bodies of natives who had appeared out of nowhere. Then he grinned. As subcommander of the Haitian district that included La Gonave, he was here under military orders. In a clear voice that echoed with authority, he spoke to his new people in native *creole*.

Silently, the natives lifted his gear and led him up through a tangle of jungle trees to a village of mud-and-straw huts dominated by a stone barracks. A one-man detachment of U.S. Marines had landed on La Gonave.

The next night, a drum sounded somewhere high in the hills. Although Sergeant Wirkus did not know it, strange forces were already at work. Had he known, a chill would have settled on him in the tropic night. For the lonely, hollow beat rolling over the hills was, in fact, a drum of his own destiny.

The island of La Gonave is very real. You will find it in maps of the West Indies—a long, narrow finger cut off from the embracing arms of the mainland of Haiti by the blue depths of Port-au-Prince Bay. Yet, in a mysterious way, the island of La Gonave has been lost for centuries.

Planes fly over it almost every day, ships glide past its green

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coasts, thousands of tourists admire it each year—but always from a distance. It is less than 50 miles from the Republic's cosmopolitan city, Port-au-Prince. Yet not many white men have ever set foot on La Gonave.

Even today, time and civilization seem to stop at its shores. Nothing of significance has changed in its dark jungles, valleys, and grim mountains in more than 200 years—since it was first a haven for runaway slaves from the French plantations of Haiti.

Thirty years ago, when most of the West Indian islands were little known, La Gonave must have seemed to belong to another world. Mere chance had sent Wirkus to Haiti. He might as easily have been assigned to the Philippines or the Panama Canal. Yet, from the moment he landed there, strange combinations of chance—and something more compelling—seemed to take control.

Raised in a small town in Pennsylvania, Wirkus knew little of Haiti, and had never heard of La Gonave. He had enlisted in the Marine Corps and risen to be a gunnery sergeant. Then a series of incidents led him to the lost island. A few years after his first visit to the "Black Eden," he was sent there as resident commander.

It would only be for six months, Marine headquarters assured him. But as Wirkus had continued to investigate the mystic land, his enthusiasm had grown. He requested that his tour of duty be extended to three years. His superiors were delighted. Men who would volunteer for Godforsaken outposts—even for six months—were rare. A three-year hitch was a miracle.

But their incredulity would have turned to sheer amazement had they known that quiet Sergeant Wirkus would voluntarily remain on his lost island not three but nearly 12 years . . .

THE RUMORS grew gradually. At first no one believed them. It was all a kind of harmless joke. But still they persisted at Port-au-Prince, and no one could quite shrug them off. It began this way.

Wirkus was doing a superb job on La Gonave. His reports were in perfect order. Taxes that no one had ever been able to collect began to trickle in, and grew steadily. The natives, under his benevolent eye, were improving their agriculture. Flare-ups and quarrels among them had virtually ceased. Primitive water mills were being replaced by power-driven units. Sanitation and health rules were being observed. The 20th century, it seemed, had begun to make a faint mark on La Gonave.

A practical man, Wirkus imposed a discipline on the childlike natives that they had never known. He became an intimate friend of Ti Memenne, the black Queen of the "Congo Societies"—the powerful and mysterious native government. And then a curious thing began to happen. A few, and then hundreds, began to refer softly to the strapping marine as *Li té pé vini* (he who was to come). Or so the rumors claimed.

A few months later, the rumors became more lurid. *One thousand blacks, it was whispered in Port-au-Prince, had gathered in the jungle and crowned Wirkus as King of Gonave.* Still, no one believed it. It was

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impossible, a fable. And yet—it was true. . . .

A few weeks before the weird coronation, Wirkus had made a trip into the interior of the island. There he had talked with the all-powerful Queen Ti Memenne, whose primitive court might have been a fragment torn from some Congo legend. Listening and questioning at her side were white-robed "subqueens" who had assembled from the far corners of the island.

Then, by moonlight, Wirkus was led to a sea cave just above the tides. Ceremoniously he was presented to the Wise Man—an ancient, grizzled Negro—who touched Wirkus and pronounced his name.

Two weeks later, the Queen again summoned Wirkus to her court. As night fell, sacred *rada* drums began to beat. Torches flared against the black jungles. Seated beside the Queen and her highest aide, La Reine Julie, Wirkus did not understand as a brilliant scarf was knotted across his shoulders. The blacks, shouting and singing, lifted his chair above their heads and carried him in a wide circle to the ceremonial pavilion.

As he was seated again, the dance grew more frenzied. Hours of ceremony passed. Then the rolling savage notes of the *Call of the King* echoed from conch shells and shivered away into the jungle. A tremendous hush fell.

The black sea of thousands of natives stood transfixed as a huge, high crown of satin and flame-colored feathers, sewn with bits of mirror that glittered like diamonds in the torchlight, was placed on Wirkus' head. Two machetes were laid gently on his shoulders.

In one thunderous voice, a cry went up "*Le roi! Le roi! Le roi!*" Wirkus, more thoroughly than he knew, was now King of La Gonave!

The impact of the pagan ceremony was dramatically demonstrated a month later when Wirkus wanted to begin construction of a stone pier. More than 1,000 natives streamed down from the hills—men, women, and children, laden with cooking pots, goats, and pigs. A mass encampment was struck on the shore. All day they worked, and at night they danced and sang. But four days later the pier was finished.

HOW DID A PENNSYLVANIA boy become King of an island beyond time? No one is quite sure, but examination reveals a story almost too incredible to be true.

First, there was the Wise Man soothsayer. An ancient, wizened figure, said to be 100 years old, had spoken from his cave by the sea. From his lips had first fallen the hushed phrase, "*he who was to come.*" Years before Wirkus set foot on La Gonave, the soothsayer had predicted that a "white" king would some day come to rule them. By "white" he meant, so far as can be discovered, an *albino*. Wirkus, with his steel-grey eyes and blond hair bleached white by tropic sun, wore the mantle of this prophecy well.

Some people dispute the claim to primitive sorcery in Wirkus' ascendancy to the throne. If, they argue, the childlike natives chose to make him their king, it meant nothing. They idolized the rugged marine, but might not any white visitor have inspired similar worship under the circumstances?

However, one bizarre fact is a

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matter not of speculation but of history. In the year 1848, a Negro named Soulouque had risen to astonishing power in the newly-created Republic of Haiti. He claimed to have seen a vision of the Holy Virgin. She had invested him with divine power to become an emperor.

A few months later, out of the turmoil of power and state in Haiti, Soulouque did, indeed, become Emperor of Haiti. With brilliant ceremony he was crowned and took the title Faustin I.

Nineteen years later, Faustin died in exile on the island of Jamaica. But the primitive folklore of the people kept alive the legend that Faustin would some day return from the dead, and rule again.

Nearly 60 years passed. And then, Wirkus came to La Gonave.

There is one more curious thing. On the night Wirkus was born in Pittston, Pennsylvania, the local priest came to baptize the child. He asked the parents: "What name have you chosen?"

Mrs. Anna Wirkus shook her head. "None," she said. "We cannot agree. We would like you to choose a name."

The priest hesitated a moment. Then he baptized the baby with the odd and uncommon name of "Faustin."

It is 2,000 miles from Pittson, the Pennsylvania mining town of Wirkus' birth, to the lost island of La Gonave. No one can say precisely what happened. But it is not too difficult to believe that somewhere, on the night he was born, a mystic *rada* drum spoke softly in the dark mountains of Haiti.

Goldwyn Classics

SAMUEL GOLDWYN, the movie magnate whose sense of humor sometimes approaches the absurd, once invited a visitor from the East to his home. The visitor especially admired the grounds. "Sam, it's absolutely beautiful!" he enthused. "That artificial lake over there with the swans in it—it's lovely. And that pheasant by the tree preening himself. And, look! There go two wild quail!"

Goldwyn jumped to his feet, exclaiming, "Wild quail? I didn't buy any wild quail!"

—H. W. KELLICK

VERY PLEASED with his son's marriage, Goldwyn was talking about it at a dinner party one night. He said, "A bachelor's life is no life at all for a single man!"

—HERB STEIN

TOLD SOME incredible news, Goldwyn once remarked, "This I've got to hear with my own eyes."

—PAUL STEINER

GOLDWYN IS ACCUSED of this comment on the possibility of color television: "I won't believe it until I see it in black and white."

—DETROIT *News*

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For Adults, Too

by DR. RONALD BRIDGES

GROWN PEOPLE, struggling with the perplexities of prayer, sometimes need the clarity of mind displayed by a little girl who had prayed long and hard for a pony on her birthday. Her brother, two years older and well into skepticism, scoffed at her faith, but the little girl held firm, declaring "God *will* answer my prayer."

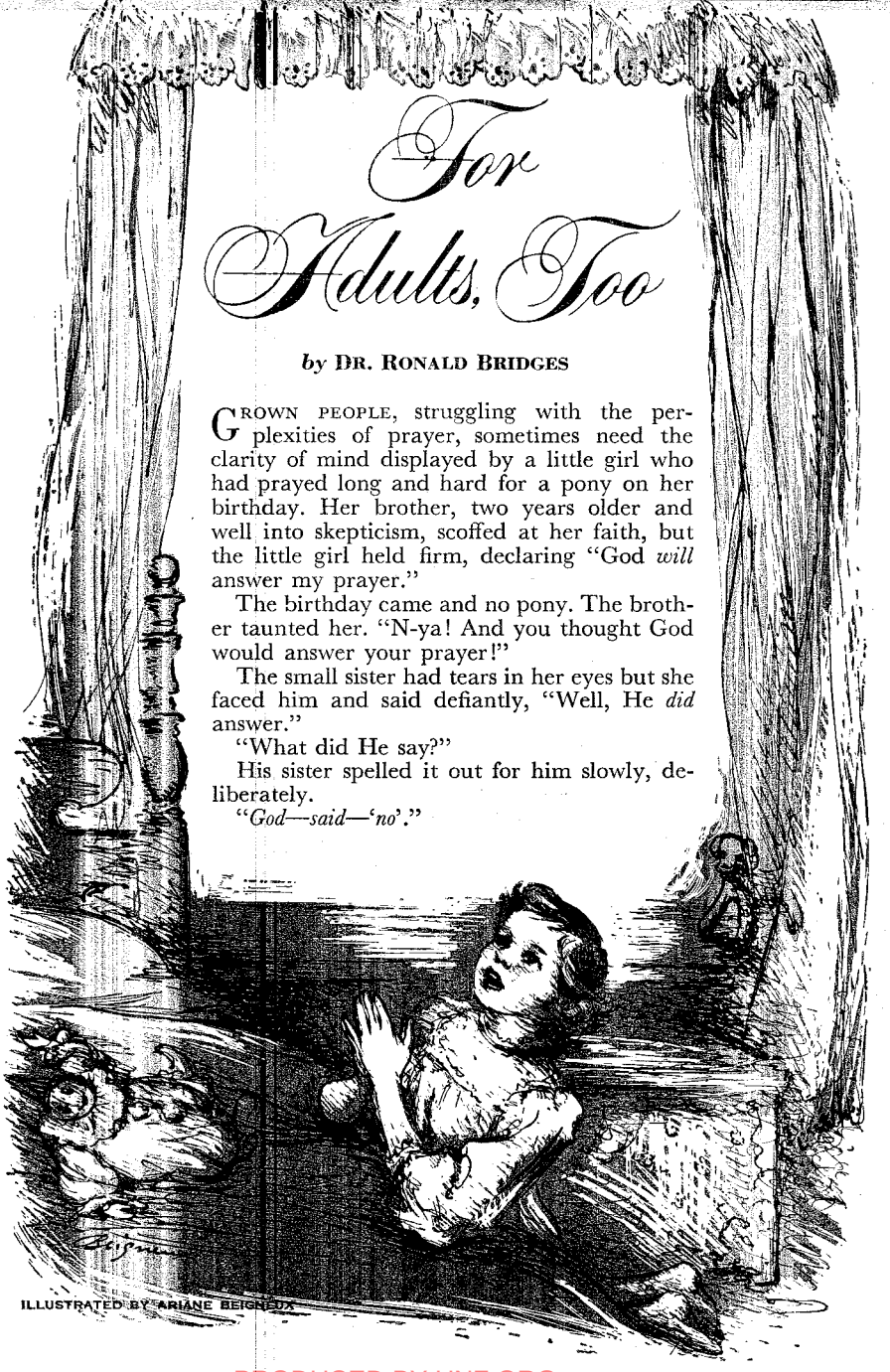
The birthday came and no pony. The brother taunted her. "N-ya! And you thought God would answer your prayer!"

The small sister had tears in her eyes but she faced him and said defiantly, "Well, He *did* answer."

"What did He say?"

His sister spelled it out for him slowly, deliberately.

"*God—said—'no'.*"



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Grin and

THE BIG INDIAN sat down at the one-armed lunch counter, ordered his sandwich, and waited stoically while it was being prepared. When it was placed before him he bit into it and chewed for a moment, then lifted the top slice of bread and peeked inside.

"You slice'um meat?" he asked the counterman.

"Yes," the counterman replied.

"Almost miss 'um." —PATRICK FANCHER

"HOW CAN YOU TELL a North Korean from a South Korean?" Bob Hope asked a battle-grimed G.I. "That's easy," said the soldier soberly. "Just go to the front, and turn your back."

"I'VE LEARNED A LOT about our new neighbors today," the little woman told her husband excitedly. "They have no car, no television set, no piano. I can't imagine what they *do* have!"

From behind his paper her spouse suggested mildly: "A bank account, perhaps." —BURT HOTCH

TWO DOMESTICS were discussing their employers. "The missus is fine," said one, "but her husband is very cross."

"He is?"

"Yeah. But I get even with him. Every time he scolds me, I put starch in his handkerchiefs."

—LEWIS & FAYE COPELAND

A SLEEPY, WEARY MALE parent was walking the floor at 2 A.M., crooning to a wailing infant in his arms, when a knock sounded at the door. It was the tenant from the floor below and he was carrying a pair of new shoes.

"Friend," he said plaintively, "as long as you're going to be walking anyway, I wonder if you'd mind breaking in these shoes for me."

—*Twaddle*

THE WIFE WAS learning to drive. A neighbor, interested in the process, asked the husband how she was getting along.

"Not too well," he sighed. "She took a turn for the worse last week."

—*Wichita Falls State Hospital News*

A CUSTOMER, after checking over what she had received from her grocer, called him and complained: "I ordered a dozen grapefruit but you sent me only nine."

"Of course, madam. Our consignment of Florida and California grapefruit failed to arrive, so we sent you Texas grapefruit," he explained. "They only require nine to make a dozen." —BOYD A. GILL

YOUNG MISS HOWARD, in charge of the third grade, was as cautious as little Willie was conscientious. A bit surprised at the erudition displayed in a composition the boy had turned in, she inquired suspiciously: "Willie, are you sure that this is strictly original?"

The youngster pondered the ques-

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Share It

tion briefly, and then replied: "Well, Miss Howard, you might find a few of the words in the dictionary."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

A FRENCH-CANADIAN lumberjack was able, by arduous labor and the observance of careful thrift, to save $100 a year. After 15 years of unremitting toil, he decided to take a little holiday, and betook himself to the big city with $1,500 in his jeans. A gambling house relieved him of it all in one hour flat.

"Well," observed the hardy woodchopper philosophically as he arose from the table, "easy come, easy go."

IT WAS THE FIRST DAY on the job for the pretty blonde steno just out of business school. Her boss picked up the first of her finished letters and with a sigh said:

"You can't spell very well, can you? I see you've spelled sugar s-u-g-g-a-r."

"Oh, dear, so I have!" she exclaimed. "Now how do you suppose I came to leave out the 'h'?"

—*Wall Street Journal*

"AFTER WE'RE MARRIED, darling," murmured the sweet young thing, "I'm going to be a real good wife. I'll cook, sew, darn your socks, keep the house nice and clean, and try to save money. What more could any man ask?"

"Well, nothing, I guess, unless he was evil minded."

—*Gosport*

THE BANKER who had gone to a doctor for a physical checkup was told to get out into the open air, so he quit his job at the bank after 35 years and bought a filling station. The first morning he was open for business a customer asked for ten gallons of gasoline.

"Where are you going?" the former banker asked.

"To Iowa City and back," was the answer.

The banker looked at him sternly and said, "Don't you think you can get along on five gallons?"

—*Optimist Magazine*

"I DON'T UNDERSTAND how you came to marry her," a man remarked to a friend whose marriage had failed. "You admit that you didn't particularly care for her —then how did she get you?"

"Well," came the dry rejoinder, "it's not something you can explain very easily, but I suppose it must have been because she wanted me worse than I didn't want her."

—*Pipe Dreams*

Why not be a contributor to "Grin and Share It"? It's easy, it's fun, and it's profitable! Just send along that funny story you heard or read, telling us its source—newspaper, magazine, radio program. Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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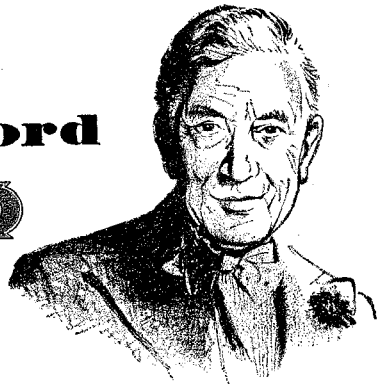
Boss Hartford of the A&P



by TONEY TERRY HATFIELD

At 78, he is the enlightened head—and heart—of the world's largest grocery chain

JOHN A. HARTFORD, the 78-year-old chairman of the board of the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, is not a man to allow the awareness of his own lofty estate and presumably indestructible good health make him contemptuous of other people's shortcomings. One morning last December, for example, he was informed that a man with whom he had an appointment was so troubled by claustrophobia that, rather than suffer the confinement of a crowded elevator, he planned to walk up the 22 flights to Hartford's office.

As things turned out, this was not necessary. When he arrived in the lobby of the office building, the caller was met by the company's public-relations counselor and the tall, lean, silvery-haired overseer of the world's largest and most prosperous chain of groceries.

"We'll go to a restaurant and talk," said Hartford cheerily. "Nobody has anything to say that's important enough to walk 22 floors to hear it!"

Hartford displays a similar sympathy for the problems of people in his employ. Although he is responsible for the administration of a domain that includes, to mention but a handful of its multiple assets, a printing plant, two laundries, the largest coffee business in the U. S., 37 bakeries (which turn out around two million doughnuts a day and bake cakes ranging in price from $2 to $500 each), the magazine *Woman's Day* with a multimillion circulation, and an Alaskan fishing fleet, Hartford is sincerely solicitous of the welfare of each of the 120,000-odd employees of A & P.

What makes this attitude something of a phenomenon, however, is that he has never presented it as one of benevolence, but merely as an acknowledgment of management's obligation to labor. In a series of statements that are conspicuously at variance with the venerable conception of "Big Business," Hartford has expressed his company's attitude toward employees in phrases such as these:

"A man must know that his job is safe, that his good work will be

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rewarded with the promotion and pay it deserves."

"We take it for granted that a man is worth more to us each year. It is our job to help him become more valuable."

"After a man has worked loyally for a reasonable time, the responsibility of his employer to him is as great as is his responsibility to his employer."

As a result of such views, the A & P enjoys labor relations unsurpassed by any other large company.

This was made apparent in September, 1949, when the Government filed an antitrust suit against the company in an effort, as the Attorney-General put it, "to eliminate the abuse of its mass buying and selling power." In a few weeks, more than 50 union organizations had passed resolutions attacking the Government's action. The secretary-treasurer of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters, Patrick E. Gorman, expressed the sentiments of some 200,000 members of his brotherhood in these words:

"The soul of a giant corporation can only be measured by the manner in which it treats its employees, coupled with the way in which it serves the public. The A & P has done an excellent job for both because of the personal and friendly influence of its two trustees, John and George Hartford, in keeping a large corporation human. While they are 100 per cent individualistic, nevertheless in their relationship with their employees they really are at the head of the class. They should be encouraged instead of destroyed."

Over the past 63 years, or ever since he started with A & P, John Hartford has been an assiduous student of all the varied factors that make for harmony between employer and employee. He does not pursue his studies in an ivory tower, however. He is constantly dropping into A & P stores to look around or to chat with the clerks.

While visiting a store last year, he noticed that two of the girls working there seemed fatigued. Introducing himself, he inquired whether the store had a comfortable rest room. Informed that it had none, and that female employees had to depend upon one in a store across the street, he headed toward the manager, who explained that the rest room had been removed to make space for an expensive piece of equipment.

"I don't care what you do with that equipment," said Hartford. "Throw it out on the sidewalk for all I care! But I want you to put in a rest room for the girls and send me the bill."

Such incidents, however, fail to reveal the complete story of Hartford's success with labor. One day during the Depression, he discovered that certain A & P executives had begun to cut salaries. Banging his desk, he announced: "We'll cut our dividends before we cut wages!"

What he failed to add was that the persons who would take most of such a cut would be himself and his brother, George, who, between them, are beneficiaries of 40 per cent of the company stock.

Visually, John Augustine Hartford does not seem the sort of man who would voluntarily slice his own income. His silvery hair is long and wavy, his eyebrows commanding, his features patrician. Although his

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double-breasted gray suits are conservative, he likes to brighten them by wearing a maroon carnation and a bow tie. What's more, he likes to live well, having a chauffeur, an apartment at the Plaza, and a 365-acre suburban farm.

Actually, however, "Mr. John," as he is addressed by most company executives, is a simple man who walks the 18 blocks from the Plaza to his office in the Graybar Building, takes only 45 minutes for lunch, and is an incurable television addict, given to guffawing at the antics of the likes of Sid Caesar.

Indeed, like the A & P itself, he does not put on airs. Only his façade seems sophisticated. There is, as a matter of fact, a strong resemblance between him and the Great American Tea Company—the original name of the present organization.

The Great American Tea Company was founded in 1859 by the two owners of a store in lower Manhattan. It was born out of a conviction that the retail price of tea—$1 a pound—was far too high for ordinary pocketbooks. The partners were George F. Gilman and George Huntington Hartford.

It was Hartford—born in Maine and endowed with Yankee shrewdness—who reasoned that he and his partner would be able to sell tea for 30 cents by eliminating the middleman. As a result, they began to buy directly from ships that transported tea from the Orient.

Soon, the Vesey Street shop bore signs of good showmanship. The first thing that attracted the eye was a huge gaslit "T" suspended over the sidewalk. The front of the store was painted with gold leaf and Chinese vermilion. Inside, the Oriental motif was carried even further, with the cashiers' cages shaped like pagodas. This was the first link in a grocery chain that at one point—in pre-supermarket 1930—was to include 15,731 stores.

As business spurted, Hartford and Gilman began to expand—first by means of a fleet of handsome red-and-gold wagons which traveled over the countryside, selling tea and spices from door to door, and then by means of additional stores. When Gilman retired in 1878, Hartford carried on alone—but not for long. The year before, his son George had gone to work firing the boiler in the Vesey Street store, and several years later, another son, John, was to be assigned the task of filling inkwells. (A third son, Edward, who had no taste for the grocery business, eventually became an inventor, creating, among other remunerative patents, the Hartford shock absorber.)

By 1912, Hartford (who, upon Gilman's death in 1901, had become sole proprietor of the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, as it was then known) and his two sons were operating 400 stores. This was the year that John made his first significant contribution to the company's fabulous success story.

Convinced that it was a mistake for the 400 stores to make deliveries and carry charge accounts, he insisted that an "economy" or cash-and-carry shop would do more business. His father gave him $3,000 and told him to prove his theory. Promptly the son went to Jersey City and opened an economy store around the corner from the most profitable of all A & P outlets; be-

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fore six months, the cash-and-carry enterprise had virtually put the neighbor out of business. Within the next three years, the company opened 7,500 economy stores.

Since 1917, when their father died, John and George Hartford have run the A & P—or, as it is known to its veteran employees, "Grandma"—pretty much as a two-man show. "Mr. George," in conspicuous contrast to his dapper brother, is a stocky man of medium height, who is always dressed in sober black. He is apparently more interested in mechanics than in personal appearance. If, for example, he hears that a safe in the A & P offices is out of order, he will lumber out of the most important conference and not return until he has made the safe shipshape again.

A man of routine, he arrives at his office each morning from his home in Montclair, New Jersey, at precisely 11:05 o'clock. Exactly 3 hours and 25 minutes later, he proceeds to the tasting room, where he samples the day's roast of A & P coffee and competing brands. He still goes about this as lovingly as he did a half-century ago.

Though Mr. George is so chary about meeting people that he has rarely been inside an A & P, Mr. John visits thousands of company stores each year. He also spends a day each week at the school in Newark where the A & P trains personnel in company policies. Observers hold that this gregariousness is probably the most important single reason for the company's placid relations with employees.

For one thing, John Hartford is always ready to hear disgruntled employees. At the same time, he is an expert at exposing fraudulent explanations. On a table in his office is a book titled *Compendium of Alibis*. When an employee confronts him with a transparent alibi, Hartford rises from his chair and points at the volume. This usually achieves the desired result.

One day, however, it worked rather differently. As Mr. John tapped the book, the employee looked at it admiringly. Then he said, "Mind if I borrow this, Mr. John?"

Hartford is such a stickler for avoiding the rubber-stamp touch that in 1936 he spent six weeks personally signing copies of a letter to 45,000 A & P employees. He also makes it a point to read all letters of complaint from customers. For a man who drives himself so relentlessly, however, he is remarkably indulgent toward employees.

"A man must be assured," says Hartford, "that he will not be penalized for his mistakes, if he will only learn from them in the end."

Hartford offers such sentiments a good deal more than lip service. For one thing, the A & P always fills top vacancies from among the ranks. For another, it has consistently labored to improve working conditions.

Back in 1940, the president of the so-called Eastern Division told Hartford it might be possible to give the workers a five-day week.

"How much will it cost?" said Mr. John.

"Seven thousand dollars a week for this division and $50,000 a week for the entire company."

"This," said Hartford delightedly, "is the best news I've heard since I've been here!"

Curiously enough, Mr. John has

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never tried to ease his own burden. He rarely takes a vacation, and he continues to put in a full day, five days a week, in his unobtrusive office. His door is never closed, and all during the day executives drift in and out.

Around 11 o'clock each morning, Ralph W. Burger, who as president of A & P has been designated to inherit the bulk of the Hartford brothers' duties, sends for a bottle of mineral water which he opens and pours.

Mr. John takes the glass, says, "Thanks, Ralph," then leans toward Burger. "Say, Ralph," he might remark, "I can't figure what happened to those two stores in Los Angeles. Maybe we better study the reports again."

To all appearances, the two aims of Hartford's existence (ever since the death of his wife) have been the contentment of employees and the lowering of food prices. How well he has succeeded in achieving the latter can be judged from the fact that, of all chain stores, the A & P operates on the slimmest margin of profit. In the last fiscal year, it made only $1.16 on every $100 in sales, and this year the profit rate is even lower.

As for Mr. John's other aim—the contentment of employees—he has been equally successful. When rare occasion demands it, however, he can be quite firm about not putting up with a worker who fails to fit in with the A & P scheme of things. That, at any rate, was his behavior several years ago when George Huntington Hartford II, a grandson of the founder, decided he wanted to be an employee.

"It just didn't work out," says Mr. John. "There he was, surrounded by people who really had to work for a living, and he was receiving callers who wanted to sell him a painting."

A Matter of Opinion

BEFORE GEN. ROBERT E. LEE had proved his military genius, he was more than once severely criticized by a brilliant fellow officer named Whiting. One day, seeking an officer for an important command, Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, called on General Lee for advice.

"What is your opinion of Whiting?" he asked.

Lee answered without hesitation that Whiting had many fine qualities and was undoubtedly worthy of an important commission. Later, one of the officers present drew Lee aside and said: "Don't you know what bitter things Whiting has been saying about you?"

With calm dignity the great Southerner replied: "I understand that the President desired to know my opinion about Whiting; not Whiting's opinion about me!"

—THE REV. PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

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IN TRANSIT

THE ONLY EMPTY SEAT, when the lady entered the bus, was beside a harmless if somewhat befuddled-looking gentleman. She took the vacant seat, nevertheless, and, opening a map of Manchuria, began studying it. The befuddled one blinked at the map for a while and finally said in a puzzled tone, "Pardon me, madame, but are you sure you're on the right bus?"

—*Penn State Froth*

A RETURNING VACATIONER tells about being on a Boston-bound train when it stopped at a small town in New Hampshire shortly after Labor Day. Encumbered with suitcase and parcels, a woman climbed aboard alone and settled herself in the seat in front of him.

Evidently she had spent the season as cook or housekeeper at somebody's summer place, and nature's wonders had long since palled. Once settled, she turned, glared out the window, and said with deep satisfaction: "Good-bye, woods!"

—*Executives' Digest (Cambridge Associates)*

ARTEMUS WARD was traveling on a slow-going Southern train soon after the Civil War. As the conductor was punching his ticket, Artemus remarked: "Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?"

The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so.

"Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me it would be well to detach the cowcatcher from the front of the engine, and hitch it to the rear of the train. For, you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow; but what is to prevent a cow strolling into this car and biting a passenger?" —POWERS MOULTON

RECENTLY I WAS ASKED to help chaperone my little 7-year-old niece's Sunday School on a picnic.

Before starting, Miss Jones, the attractive young teacher of the class, said, "Children, the bus on which we go may be crowded, so if older people are standing I want you to be polite and offer them your seats."

The bus was crowded, and an elderly man asked my little niece to sit on his lap. She looked back at her teacher and said loudly, "Miss Jones, you can have my seat."—*Southern Farmer*

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The Men Don't Marry

by BERNICE BROWN MCCULLAR

Are you one of the eight types who seem destined to go through life husbandless? This revealing article holds the answer!

CHANCES ARE you have met her sometime, somewhere. She gets around, has many friends. Women particularly like her, because they feel no competitive threat in her company and because she can be counted on to fill in at a party.

Now 30 years old, she is good (if a trifle sharp) looking, a good conversationalist, a good cook and housekeeper, and good at the office job which she has held for ten years. People are always saying that she would make some man a fine wife, and she herself would like nothing better than marriage. But no man has ever proposed. Unhappily for her, she is one of the thousands of women that men don't marry.

There always have been such women, and now, with women firmly established in the competitive world of men, the number is greater than ever. Leaving aside the glaring social misfits, I have listed the eight most common husbandless types. I have watched their frustrations accumulate, and the more I have watched, the more sure I have become that, if the types concerned could only realize that they *were* types, their secret battles with the world would be half-won.

The friends of the woman mentioned above were convinced that the arrival of the right man on the scene would solve her problem. Actually, the trouble lay not in her failure to meet a likely suitor but to prepare herself for the meeting. Without realizing it, she had taken on the mannerisms of one of the types which men shy away from and which heads my list of eight.

1. *The Self-Sufficient Female.* In other words, the woman who has grown so used to looking out for herself that she never thinks of letting a man hold the door open, light her cigarette, or show any of the other attentions that make an escort feel, in a small way, like Sir Walter Raleigh.

Appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, men still like to consider themselves gallant and chivalrous. They may profess to admire the girl who matches them at

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tennis or golf, but, if they happen to ask her hand in marriage, it won't be because of her athletic prowess. Quite the opposite, in fact—as I discovered one day in talking to a man who was supposed to have lost his heart to the best forehand drive in the neighborhood.

He and his athletic wife had been married a year when I heard him remark: "I've got to get home. This is Jane's day with the accounts, and she's absolutely helpless. Can't add two and two . . ."

Whereupon off he went to tot up Jane's columns of figures—and, in doing so, to feel gallant and important. And that, I believe, is why he married her—not because she could knock the daylights out of a tennis ball.

2. *The Possessive Type.* In a moment of confidence, Martha, one of the prettiest young women in town, told me that men fell over themselves to get introduced to her, only to move on sooner or later to someone else. "I don't think I'm suffering from any of the awful things they talk about in the ads," she said with wistful humor, "but obviously, my best friends won't tell me what's the matter."

Later, I had a chance to find out. The young manager of a local automobile agency met Martha, dated her for three months, and then beat a retreat. When I asked what had happened, he replied:

"Another couple of weeks and I'd have been taken over completely. She was telling me what to wear, what to eat, what friends to have. I began to feel about as independent as when I was a private in the Army. One night we were out with Helen and Jack, and Jack asked me to go fishing over the week end. When I caught myself looking to see if Martha approved, I knew I'd better get out, and get out quick!"

3. *The Sex-Adolescent Type.* She either acts as if a man were some kind of animal, waiting to pounce, or meets him at the door in a pale blue negligee. Neither approach is indicated in the pursuit of a husband. Most men worth pursuing expect a girl to have a sensible attitude toward sex, without either over- or underemphasis. They can be repelled as readily by the lady who flaunts her charms as by the prude.

It isn't always easy for a woman to match this balanced masculine view, particularly for the woman who fears spinsterhood.

"When I was younger, I could take sex in stride," a 29-year-old unmarried woman recently said to me. "Now I keep getting confused about it. One day it seems the most important thing in the world; the next, something to be avoided at all costs. Neither attitude is right. I know all this, but it's awfully hard to keep sex in perspective if you're not married."

It's hard, even if you are married. The best way of dealing with it is just to trust yourself. Many women seem to regard sex as a Great Force that may carry them away without warning. As a result, they always have a weather eye out for it, thus ruining their own chances for a level-headed acquaintance with men. If they ever do get carried away, it is usually because their exaggerated fear and apprehension have upset their emotional balance. Men respect women who have learned to control their impulses, but are irritated by the lack of that sense of

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proportion which fits sex into a normal way of living.

4. *The Unsympathetic Type.* I knew a girl who had heard that men liked to be flattered and listened to, so she flattered and listened, to the point of exhaustion. Then, when the subjects of her experiments walked away still unsatisfied, she was an angry girl.

What she had not heard was that there are ways and ways of listening and flattering. If your heart isn't in it, you might as well shout the man down, call him a fool, and have done with it. This girl lacked sympathy, which is just another word for unselfishness. She could make her eyes grow big and round, could laugh at all the right places and say the sweetest things, but men weren't taken in. They knew her thoughts were not on them but on the impression she was making.

5. *The Efficient Type.* Frightened by life, frightened of herself, Louise operates like a railroad, on schedule. Each day she does the same things at the same time in the same way. Everything in her apartment has to be just so, in perfect order.

Once she fell in love with a newspaperman—at least, she thought she was in love with him until the afternoon he took her to his apartment for a cocktail. He had had a bad day and wanted to unburden himself. But she said, "I can't bear this . . ." and fell to on the disorder. As she bustled around, he fumbled after her.

Then he sat down and stared morosely at the floor. He never asked her back. Since then, she has entertained other young men, in *her* apartment, but none of them has returned very often. In their memories, Louise remains the girl who was always emptying ash trays.

6. *The Narrow-Minded Type.* In the first flush of love, we seldom really hear what is being said. We only hear the intonation of a voice that falls like music on the ear. Later, though, we begin to hear, and then—alas for the girl whose mental horizon is bounded by trivia!

For a while kisses will serve as a substitute for words, but kisses, too, pall in the end. Even the most ardent lovers have to do some talking, and in order to talk interestingly, you have to be interested in the outside world.

7. *The Cynical Type.* David, in the Bible, cast his first wife out of his heart because she made fun of him. Most men think he did exactly right. Which is not to say that men are humorless. I have never met one who thought that wit, a sense of humor, even a rudimentary ability to laugh at his jokes, was not an asset in a woman. But there is a great difference between laughing *with* and laughing *at.*

The most brilliant woman I ever knew found this out to her sorrow. She was deeply in love at one time, but she never married. Her keen mind kept caricaturing the world—she was a wonderful mimic. One night at a party, she lost her sense of proportion and mimicked her prospective husband. And that was the end of that.

8. *The Unfeminine Type.* Practically all men who have talked to me about the qualities they considered desirable in a wife have conspicuously omitted beauty from the list. I believe them. But when they say that what they want is a pal, a real companion, I don't think they are

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saying exactly what they mean. They may want a pal, but a very special kind of pal—one with allure, with gentleness and real femininity.

Too many women are taken in by this pal talk. They go to extravagant lengths to meet men on their own ground, ride with them, go sailing, sprinkle their conversation with masculine expressions, and in the end become a strange breed, neither male nor female. When the chips are down (to use a masculine expression), they usually hold the losing hand. The girl who stays home and tends to her knitting is the one who wins.

Men don't look to women for companionship of a masculine type—they get plenty of that from men. Nor, on the other hand, do they want a mere fluff-ball. Once more, as in the case of sex, it's a question of balance. A woman with standards—standards of fidelity, decency in human conduct, modesty, and femininity—they respect. And respect is the backbone of love.

Any woman who sees herself reflected in the types listed above would do well to sit down and have a private stock-taking. But how can she change? Well, the simple recognition of a fault often is the beginning of change. In none of the cases I have mentioned did the woman have the slightest awareness that she was a type, let alone an undesirable one. She knew there was something wrong—that was all. If for a moment she had seen herself in the mirror, or as others saw her, I think she would have begun her own rehabilitation.

Many a man has lost a fine wife when he passed these reluctant spinsters by. But the majority *is* passed by. All over America, women with great potentialities of wifehood go their loveless ways, feeling a sharp pain in the heart when they see the glance of tenderness that passes between a man and woman happily mated, never themselves knowing what it is to wake, frightened, out of a dark and lonesome dream, and reach over to touch a loving hand.

See What I Mean?

A LADY OF OUR ACQUAINTANCE recently conducted a one-woman campaign to have a traffic light installed at a busy intersection near her home. She telephoned each city commissioner personally, and pleaded her case before the municipal council. But all the satisfaction she could get from the town fathers was: "Be careful when you're crossing the street, and you won't need a traffic light."

Then the lady sat down and wrote them a series of letters, each of which ended with the plaintive phrase: "How can I possibly cross the street when thecarsandtruckskeepcomingthisway?"

She got her traffic light.

—*Wall Street Journal*

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ANGEL

by THE REV. PHILIP J. CLEVELAND

IT WAS A BITTER December day, with a boisterous wind whipping the bleak New York streets. But a line of people had curled halfway around the Metropolitan Opera House long before the matinee was due to begin. Hardy music lovers these, willing to suffer for the sake of a few hours' enchantment.

They were stamping chilled feet when an elegant carriage pulled up at the entrance. Out stepped a handsomely dressed, rosy-faced gentleman, who noted the waiting queue with astonishment.

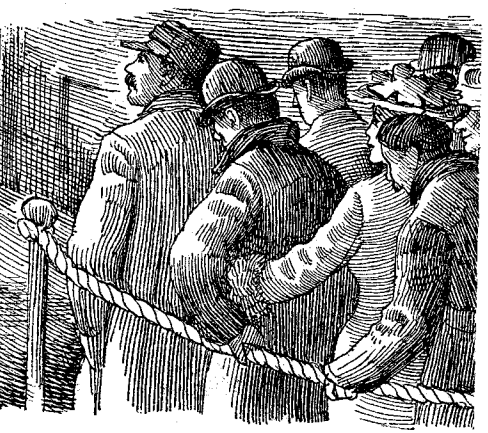
In the lobby, the gentleman met the opera's assistant manager, rocking back and forth on his heels.

"What they doing out there?" demanded the newcomer in a rich Italian accent.

"Waiting for the performance."

"Waiting? Why they wait?"

"They are poor people," ex-



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OF THE OPERA

plained the manager patiently. "They can only afford standing room, and it isn't time to open the doors for standees."

"Humph!" said the Italian. Swinging around, he studied the phenomenon through glass doors. Then he strode to the box office.

"How many ticket you got?" he asked. "I wanna buy all."

The cashier gaped. "What?"

"I wanna buy all the tickets you got—for my friends." The gentleman waved a manicured hand toward the street. "Charge to me."

A few minutes later, tickets in hand—for the orchestra, grand tier, first balcony, and on up to the rafters—he shouldered his way through the doors. His resonant voice rose above the wind.

"How many want seat? Free!"

A tremor ran along the line, a thrill of life. Suddenly there was no longer a line. Its members, grim and patient a moment before, had begun clamoring in half a dozen languages. Now they were mobbing the philanthropist. Hands, blue with cold, clawed at him; he was buffeted by voices.

"Bravo! Bravo!" they shouted.

Blessed, cheered, wept over, and half pulled to pieces, the gentleman smilingly watched the beneficiaries of his generosity storm the doors. Finally, looking as though he had been caught in a hurricane, he went in himself.

"Imagine!" he exclaimed to the assistant manager. "Standing in the cold to hear opera!"

"The opera?" retorted the manager. "They want to hear *you*!"

And they did hear him that afternoon. Never, the critics reported, had he been in finer voice. And never before in opera history, they added, had Enrico Caruso been given such a reception.

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE

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BROOKLYN FIGHTS A BATTLE FOR THE NATION

by CRAIG THOMPSON

Miles F. McDonald's victorious war on corruption is a victory for all America

ON THE MORNING of December 11, 1949, a newspaper thrust on the desk of Brooklyn's District Attorney Miles Francis McDonald brought his promising political career to a crisis.

Too many cops, the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* was saying, had formed a habit of keeping their hands out—for gratuities. The newspaper estimated that organized gamblers were paying $225,000 a week for protection money.

Here, indeed, was an alliance of politics and crime!

It was a spot that few prosecutors in the U. S. would relish. If the charges were true, it followed that the gamblers and crooked cops were powerful enough to wreck the ambitions of any law enforcer who tried to break their evil game.

The *Eagle* was making it more portentous to McDonald by pointing out that the issue was not Brooklyn's alone, but concerned the nation. "Brooklyn," the paper said, "is a mailed fist on the scabrous arm of crime that stretches from California to New York."

In short, through liberal greasing of political palms, and with murder on its hands, organized crime had spread itself all over the U. S. The battle against it was being waged everywhere. But because the *Eagle* had gathered ammunition, it fixed Brooklyn as the front line. If Brooklyn won, perhaps other cities could beat corruption, too.

Many prosecutors in the same situation had found a way out—whitewash. Cynical observers expected McDonald to follow the same evasive technique. But to the surprise of the underworld and their henchmen, McDonald chose the risky course—and waded into the fight of his life!

Today—bruised, abused, but winning—McDonald admits that at the start he had no idea how vicious the fight would be. The strangest part of the battle is that at no time was the hand of the underworld shown. Wittingly or unwittingly, men of integrity struggled to help the underworld maintain its corrupt dominance. And in the inside story of this battle lies a lesson for the nation . . .

In fiction, a district attorney usually is either a respectable but easily hoodwinked fuddy-duddy, or

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a suave, ambitious crook. In real life, most of them are pretty much like McDonald.

At the time of his big decision, he was 44, a blue-eyed, graying man with a comfortable home, an attractive wife, three sons, and a daughter. Hardly a politician, he had not held public office until 35, when he quit private law to become assistant district attorney under pugnacious, noisy William O'Dwyer. McDonald took the job because he hoped it would help him realize a life ambition to become a Justice of the New York State Supreme Court.

Partly to curb an Irish temper, and partly to fit himself for the bench, he had long cultivated a calm, judicial temperament. Up to December 11, 1949, his progress toward his goal was steady. In 1946, Bill O'Dwyer became Mayor of New York City and McDonald moved up to the District Attorneyship. In 1949, when O'Dwyer was reelected, so was McDonald. For a man who was not asking too much, he had a lot to lose.

MCDONALD MOVED cautiously into the Brooklyn fight. He needed investigators to ferret deep into the underworld, but he had no funds or personnel to carry on a large-scale inquiry. Nor could he ask O'Dwyer and Police Commissioner William P. O'Brien to give him seasoned cops to spy on other cops. There is an unwritten code which says that policemen do not turn in their brothers, and honest ones have been known to face scandal and ruin rather than violate it.

McDonald figured out how to get around this obstacle. The code didn't hold at the police academy where aspirants to the force are trained. So McDonald asked for 30 young rookies. He told the chief of police he wanted to probe basketball gambling in the city's colleges and needed youngsters who could work the campuses without being conspicuous.

As his 30 youngsters fanned out among the bars, grills, and other places where bets are laid, McDonald quickly realized that his force was too small. So now he asked for more rookies and money for his investigation.

O'Dwyer—McDonald's old friend and erstwhile boss—had been vacationing when McDonald made his first move. Now he returned to a situation which filled him with misgivings: he realized McDonald's quarry must be far bigger than campus bookies. Being a volatile man who believes that the best defense is an offense, he launched one instanter.

On January 9, as McDonald prepared to take to a grand jury the first tenuous results of his probing, the Mayor announced he would ask the State Legislature to sanction off-track betting, legalizing one sector of the gambling racket McDonald was poking into. To O'Dwyer's chagrin, the public's answer ranged from uplifted eyebrows to outraged horror. McDonald won that round.

Police Chief O'Brien's punch was more direct. He swapped officers from post to post around the city, making it necessary for McDonald to relate every thread of evidence to *two* sets of policemen. By a stroke of the pen, he says, "the investigation's work was doubled."

McDonald could not grin, but he

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had to bear it. The first skirmish was at an end. Meanwhile, public opinion was pressing for the transfer of the extra rookies McDonald wanted. Then the tactics shifted.

O'Brien bluntly declared that he would not have inexperienced policemen chasing around without a superior officer in charge. The inference was plain: if you can't block an inquiry, take it over.

"There," says McDonald, "was the crux of the whole thing. I didn't want any officer directing my investigators and getting their reports before I did."

At this juncture, a less determined man might have weakened, but McDonald turned to the grand jurors. The result was a blast demanding "every opportunity to complete our investigation without being hampered . . . by any outside pressure."

They named no names, but the Mayor and Police Chief had no difficulty in identifying the "outside pressure."

Since a Grand Jury is the most powerful instrument in our system of criminal law, McDonald got his money and his rookies.

WHILE THIS frontal attack was in progress, a flank movement was organized. City Hall cut off patronage for Brooklyn's Democratic boss and McDonald's sponsor, John Cashmore. The loss of patronage brought consternation to the district leaders. If they could not get jobs for constituents, they could not hold a machine together.

O'Dwyer was after Cashmore's leadership: the boss had sinned in letting the inquiry get started. Had Cashmore been a craven man, he might have saved his leadership by trying to stop McDonald with a threat of withholding the judgeship. Instead, Cashmore kept his conscience clean. In the end, his district leaders revolted and made peace with O'Dwyer by ousting Cashmore. But it was a hollow victory for the Mayor.

The investigation was now getting too hot to head off. One police inspector who was summoned to testify took to a hospital with what was described as a heart condition. But the police surgeon could not agree. "There's nothing seriously wrong with him," the doctor said. "He's nervous."

Then there were a couple of other high officers who were found to have been doing some fancy borrowing from a bowling-alley operator. The loans, McDonald contended, were used to explain bank balances fattened on graft.

But the hotter the revelations were, the more frenzied became the pressure from the Mayor and his Police Chief. Now a third tactic emerged—to embarrass McDonald into quitting.

It came with a raid by McDonald's boys on a middle-sized policy racket. When they called the first time, they found nothing. A little later they came back, and this time they nabbed three individuals—and four cops. The cops were freed, but newspaper stories implied that they had themselves been in the process of making a raid.

Seizing on the stories, O'Dwyer demanded that the matter be turned over to his Commissioner of Investigation. The inference was that McDonald's rookies were stupidly interfering with regular police duties.

So far, McDonald had taken his

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buffeting in silence. Now he cast off judicial demeanor. "The evidence," he hotly answered, "will not be shared with anyone!" Then he wrote the Mayor a letter, asserting his rookies had found that: 1) records of the raided policy bank showed substantial payments to police for protection; 2) the cops were in possession of serial numbers matching those on torn $2 bills carried by the policy game's runners; 3) far from being engaged in a raid, the cops had earlier investigated a citizen's complaint against the joint and had reported that the complaint was unfounded.

O'Dwyer suppressed the letter. O'Brien went further: he called McDonald a "communist." But the D.A. kept plugging onward, and each new bit he turned up was more damning than the last. The tempo of attacks on him increased steadily until, seven months after the inquiry began, they reached a spectacular climax.

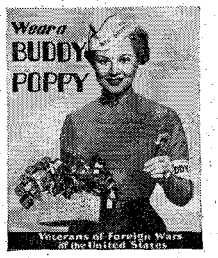
On July 16, Police Captain John G. Flynn, stationed in the precinct where the inquiry developed, killed himself. A few weeks before, he had been questioned by the Grand Jury. The two facts put together made big headlines.

Now it happened that Flynn was a clean cop. Nothing in McDonald's possession implicated him in any wrongdoing. Despite these facts, Flynn's death gave O'Dwyer the opportunity to step into a rabble-rousing role. He ordered a police funeral for Flynn unlike any New York had seen before.

More than 6,000 police attended —on orders. Behind the coffin marched 1,200 detectives. The large Police Band played dirge music. It was a stupefying display of solidarity and strength. As arrestingly as if written in bright lights across Times Square, the funeral rites for Flynn seemed to say:

"Here goes a good cop, hounded to suicide by McDonald!"

Many were carried away by emotion. Among them was Flynn's widow, who stormed into McDonald's headquarters, accompanied by her three children. There she screamed at him: "Johnny Flynn's blood is spattered on you, and will be for the rest of your life!"



McDonald silently walked away. "A widow's anguish," he says in retrospect, "can really shake a man. But it is hard to believe she dreamed up that scene all by herself."

As if to point up the behavior of Flynn's widow, O'Dwyer now branded the Brooklyn investigation as a "witch hunt," using "Hitlerite" methods. The seven-month fight was now in a critical stage, and the time had come for McDonald to strike back with everything he had.

In the first of two moves, the jury foreman invited the Mayor to Brooklyn and showed him a transcript of Flynn's testimony. It proved that Flynn had not been "hounded," "browbeaten," or in any way mistreated by the jurors. On his return to City Hall, O'Dwyer told reporters he had never intended to impugn the jury—that it was McDonald who was the "witch hunter" and "Hitlerite."

In reply, McDonald demanded

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that the jury temporarily suspend its investigation of criminals, and investigate himself. This time O'Dwyer was summoned, not to a conference but as a witness. What he told the jurors is a matter of official secrecy, but after hearing all he had to say, they issued a pronouncement branding a police statement read by the Chief Magistrate of a city of 8,000,000 people as "hysterical."

It was an impossible situation for any mayor, no matter how powerful or pugnacious he might be. In his efforts to protect his cops, O'Dwyer had overreached himself. At this point President Truman appointed him U. S. Ambassador to Mexico. O'Dwyer forthwith resigned his $40,000-a-year job as Mayor of New York to take the $25,000-a-year ambassadorship.

With O'Dwyer gone, high-ranking police officers turned in their shields in a mass flight into retirement. Some of them retired all the way out of the state, so that they would be a safe distance from McDonald's subpoena servers. In the midst of the departures, McDonald's rookies brought in one bookie whose payroll ran to more than $1,000,000 a year.

Without the Mayor, Police Chief O'Brien was lost. He, too, resigned. The political machine which O'Dwyer had put together disintegrated and a long-shot independent candidate captured the mayoralty race in 1950. Jail bars closed on top figures of the half-world, and on some lesser fry.

A big question remains. What were the real reasons for O'Dwyer's resignation? As yet the answer has not been found, and maybe it never will. But one big, important fact stands sharp and clear. A virtually unknown district attorney won a striking victory over entrenched power. To the nation, the lesson of McDonald's struggle is simply this: an able and honest district attorney can put corruption to rout, provided he is willing to fight courageously in the interest of the public welfare, not politics.

With the Firing Squad

"Jones," said that young man's boss in a confidential tone of voice, "I'm going to give you an opportunity to make something of yourself—you're fired." —William O. Foss

On his return home at the end of a trying day, the meek little husband told his aggressive wife: "No, I didn't ask for a raise today. I guess I forgot in the excitement of getting fired and all."

Oddly enough, office girls with the warmest smiles are often the most fire-resistant. —*Wall Street Journal*

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Mary Martin's son, Larry, now works for the same producer who discovered Mary.

Mary Martin's Other Life

MARY MARTIN gained another life on the winter evening, 12 years ago, when she first faced a Broadway audience. Only a moment before she stepped before the packed house and sang *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*, she was unknown. Next day, she was a star. From then on, applauding audiences knew her as the girl who shivered prettily in a fur cape in *Leave It to Me*, as a reincarnation of the goddess of love in *One Touch of Venus*, and as lovable Nurse Nellie Forbush, the gay, dancing sprite of *South Pacific*.

The Mary Martin that audiences *don't* know is a sensible, good-humored woman of 37 whose real life, beginning where Broadway ends, revolves around her husband, two children, and a small home in the Connecticut hills. There, Mary

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Mary Martin's day begins with a well-earned luxury: breakfast in bed. She spends most of the rest of the day outdoors. Just after 6, she and her husband, Dick Halliday, eat a light supper, drive to New York, and are in the dressing room by 7:30.

The Halliday home in Connecticut is set on six rolling acres of grassland. The pool was once a natural water hole.

Martin has thoughtfully met the problem faced by all career-mothers, and solved it by integrating her two lives and making her family full partners in both of them.

Richard Halliday was a story editor when he married Mary Martin. He perceived at once that her extraordinary talent on the stage was matched by a singular inability to cope with the business end of her career. He became her manager and mentor, an invaluable buffer between onstage flights of fancy and offstage reality. "If it hadn't been for Dick," Mary once said, "I'd have worn out long ago."

The Halliday home is their base of operations, and the children,

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No one ever calls Mary Heller Halliday anything but Heller. At nine, she is a veteran of many stage appearances. Here, her mother uses a make-up brush to get her ready for her part in a Westport stock-company production of *Pride and Prejudice*.

Larry and Heller, have seen a parade of theatrical luminaries come and go. No doors were ever closed to the youngsters and they have, quite naturally, fallen in love with the theater. When Mary toured the country in *Annie Get Your Gun*, Heller appeared as her younger sister. "Larry would have been in it, too," Mary reveals, "only that was about the time he decided to become a veterinarian. Since that time," and here she smiles, "he's come back to his first love."

Basically an old-fashioned family, the Hallidays have made few concessions to Mary's unique position as a queen of musical comedy. Almost every night they drive back

Thin, boyish-looking Dick Halliday married Mary Martin 12 years ago and he has seldom gone far from her side since.

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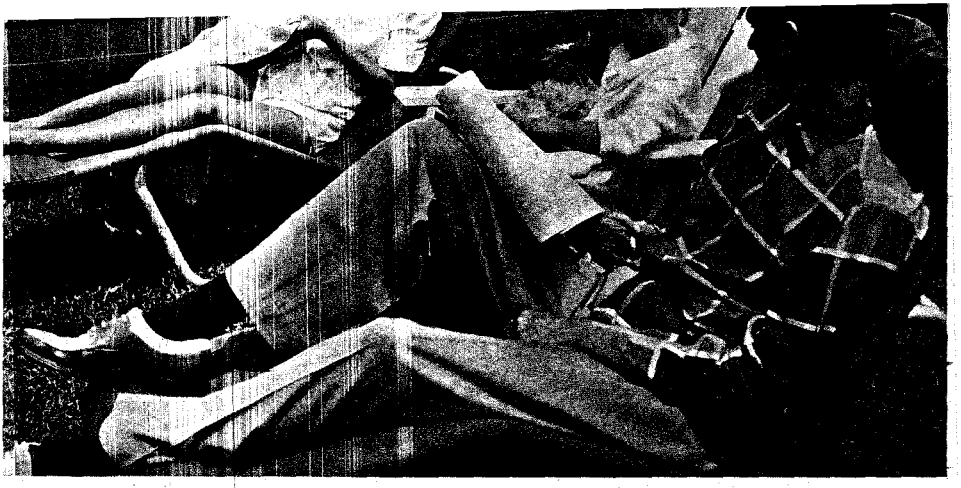

For the past few months, Mary has been working on an eight-by-ten-foot rug whose center design is all in petit point. Said Composer Dick Rodgers: "Instead of a contract, I'd rather have Mary agree to work for me until she finishes that rug."

The Hallidays have two French poodles, Paris and Dites-Moi. Even on hectic days, Mary always romps with them.

to Connecticut after the final curtain. They do practically no entertaining. "Mary throws herself so completely into everything she does on the stage," Dick explains, "that she needs all the rest she can get. Our home life is geared to an offbeat rhythm, but the pace is as consistent as we can make it."

Right now, the Hallidays' plans extend all the way into 1953. After Mary's contract expires in May, she is going to do *South Pacific* in London. "The New York company will probably go on—and on," she says, "but I'd like to do *South Pacific* all over the world." So the whole family is excited about going to England in the fall, and Heller will probably have a part in the show.

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Gardener Jim Woolley has tended the Hallidays' vegetable garden for five years. He feels the same way about Mary as do the stagehands and actors who surprised her with a huge birthday celebration last year, proving what her press agent, Michel Mok, has always said: "When you like Mary, you stand in a long line."

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Holding someone's arm while talking may reveal the uncertainty of your ideas.

Give-away Gestures

MOST OF US are aware that we convey emotions by more than voice alone. There are certain conscious gestures which we all know and use, and which have become part of a universal sign language.

What most of us do not know is that an *unconscious* gesture of hand or face is often more revealing than the spoken word. According to Dr. Alfred E. Johns, a pioneer consulting psychologist, there is a definite relationship between our innermost feelings and the seemingly innocent mannerisms which most of us affect. It is, of course, true that not all gestures are symptoms of behavior patterns: a musician drums his fingers to keep time with the music; a man may rub his nose simply because it itches.

"Gestures must be interpreted in the light of other habits of the subject as a total personality," says Dr. Johns. "When they are habitual, they can be considered indicative of a personality trait."

These specially posed photographs record some common behavior symptoms, with Dr. Johns' interpretation of their psychological meaning and emotional basis.

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R-K-O-Radio actor Michael Steele *(The Man He Found)* shows one of the commonest hand gestures—head-scratching. "This," declares Dr. Johns, "indicates a mental conflict, or a difficult problem."

Pinching your lip, as it is demonstrated here by NBC newscaster John Cameron Swayze, is the sign of a calm, patient thinker, one who refuses to be hurried into the solution of a difficult problem.

"If you habitually cover your mouth while talking, the chances are that you talk too much and could not keep a secret." This picture was posed by R-K-O's Betty Underwood *(Gambling House)*.

NBC television actress Nancy Carroll mirrors the intense restlessness or annoyance which is plainly broadcast by women who are continually fussing with their jewelry, their hair, or their clothes.

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Ear-tugging is another giveaway gesture. "Like the jewelry-fusser," says Dr. Johns, "the ear-puller is a disturbed individual. He is nervous and may be annoyed at the person with whom he is talking."

"Nail-biting is one of the commonest behavior symptoms, symbolically revealing deep tension. Among adolescents, it often reflects a feeling of self-punishment because of a strong guilt complex."

"If you drum your fingers on the furniture or tap your foot on the floor while someone is talking, you are unconsciously saying that you are bored or displeased, and are anxious to get away."

"People who tuck their thumbs under their fingers are displaying an unconscious regression to childhood. Akin to a baby's thumb-sucking, it may show immaturity or a lack of independence."

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Nancy Carroll poses in the m
holders. "While appearing wo
trying to hide from the world a

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YLLA'S ANIMALS

YLLA, WHO USES her full name—Ylla Koffler—only to sign checks and contracts, is perhaps the only woman in the world ever to make a living out of being nuzzled by a water buffalo, butted by a stag, and laughed at by a cat. Ylla is a world-famous photographer of animals, and her pictorial record of the friendly buffalo, the charging stag, and the happy cat—as well as her knack for catching such assorted beasts as tapirs, aardvarks, and rhinoceroses off guard—has won her a unique position in modern arts.

Like most photographers, Ylla began by taking pictures of humans. The lack of variety always bothered her ("With people, it's either men or women; with animals, the range is infinite"), but she didn't chuck her portrait lenses and draperies until she realized that she was spending most of her time touching out the double chins of disgruntled subjects. In her delightful Hungari-

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Ylla's picture of sea lions at the Bronx Zoo catches a mother's protective attitude. Her solution of the problems of range and distracting backgrounds is direct and simple: whenever she can, she climbs right into the animal enclosure.

Posing different animals together sometimes presents a problem in adjusting temperaments. In this case, it was love at first sight. The lion cub is the one in Ylla's book, *The Sleepy Little Lion*, which sold more than 20,000 copies.

One of the best ways to put an animal in a receptive mood is to feed him. This picture of Ylla was taken in Paris by her first mentor, Ergy Landau, and illustrates one of Ylla's favorite points: elephants in Paris zoos are unusually tame.

Ylla sometimes waits hours for a film-worthy pose. In this case, the dachshund got fresh with the boxer as soon as they were introduced and, in the split second representing the peak of photographic interest, Ylla made the picture.

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This Capuchin is a pet of the keeper at the Bronx Zoo. Ylla
him longing for his South American jungle home. Asked for t
success at animal photography, Ylla answered, "Patience, patie

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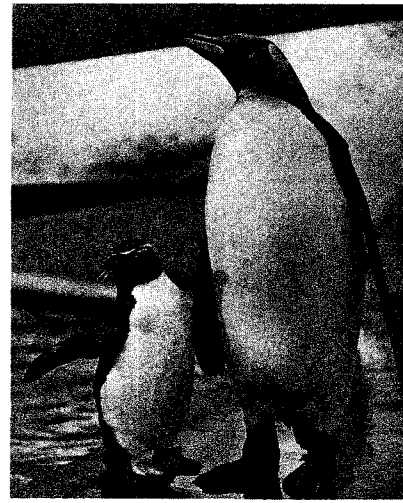
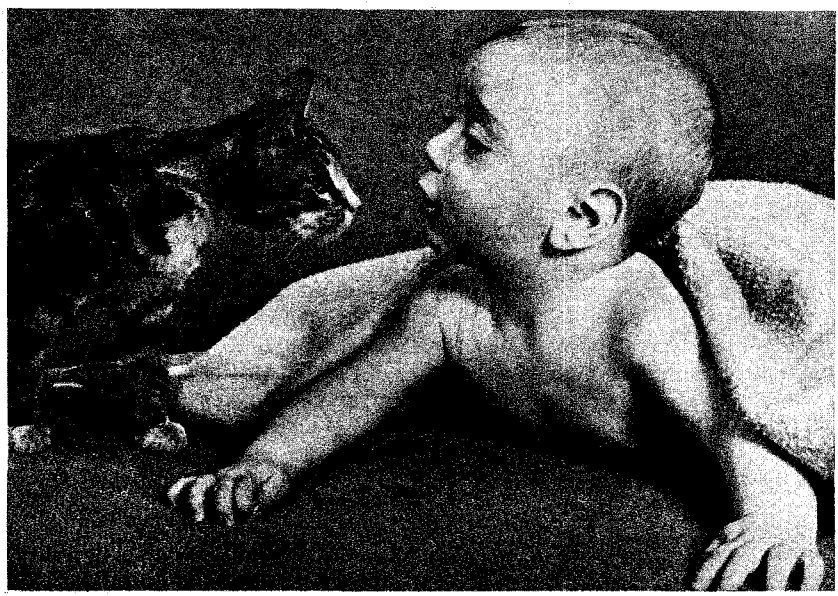
an-Serbian-French accent, Ylla explains: "An animal isn't interested in looking handsome. He doesn't pose. He just is."

Sponsored by the Museum of Modern Art as one of the artists endangered by the Nazi dragnet, Ylla came to the U.S. in 1941. Since then, she has set up her studio in New York's fashionable 50s and photographs pets at the rate of $60 apiece. In fine weather, however, she is most apt to be found at the zoo. Because baby animals are her favorites, many a zookeeper along the Eastern seaboard has been startled by this tall, attractive woman in slacks, camera bag slung over her shoulder, who materializes from nowhere and sternly asks, "Have you had any babies recently?"



These haughty penguins, contrary to appearances, are not mother and child. The larger of the two is a king penguin.



In years to come, Pryor G. Dodge (*above*) can point to this picture and note with pride that it was the first published Ylla portrait of a human since prewar days. The cat later gained a full measure of fame as Palla in Ylla's book, *Tico-Tico*.

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HOUSE OF HORROR

AT THE DEAD END of a Montmartre alley, not far from the GI-haunted Plâce Pigalle, lies the world capital of stage terror—Paris' gory Grand Guignol. For 50 years, plays like *The Butcher of Babies* have baited tourists and a faithful Parisian clientele into the 265-seat house that horror built.

Because their purpose is not to further the plot but to petrify the audience, the crimes committed on the Grand Guignol stage are never simple. At least once a night there is an eye-gouging, or an acid bath for the villain, with perhaps a non-fatal stabbing for the beautiful heroine. "Blood" flows profusely from gaping chest wounds and actually coagulates as it cools. Knives seem to be lodged deep in bleeding bodies. Eyes pop out and severed wrists drop to the floor as the players writhe in mock agony and the audience writhes in cold perspiration. Once, delicate and detailed skull surgery seemed to be performed in full view of the hypnotized spectators.

The strange and magnetic hold of the Grand Guignol over its regular patrons, "all potential murderers," according to director Eva Berkson, was best illustrated when Gen. George S. Patton, Jr., visited the theater shortly before his death. " 'Blood and Guts' at the Grand Guignol," the French newspapers reported, and Parisians nodded with satisfaction. For a week, they jammed the ticket office, remarking to one another as they waited patiently in line, "*Eh bien*, that sounds like a good one!"

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Trademark of the Grand Guignol Theater is the black magic that gives its sadistic stage proceedings a touch of reality.

In a moment, this girl will plunge the knife deep in the jewel thief's back. How it is done remains a Guignol secret.

Strapped by a strait jacket, this madman submits to the pain of a burning poker on his neck. But it only hurts the audience.

Paul Ratineau, Grand Guignol stage manager for 50 years, shows a player how to pull a knife from her chest.

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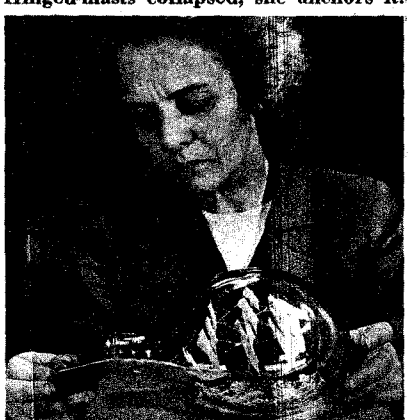
BOATS IN BOTTLES

Miss McCaffrey first builds the model.

Hinged-masts collapsed, she anchors it.



The masts are then aligned with strings, and the ship settles in a sea of putty.

HAVE YOU ever wondered how full-sailed ship models get into narrow-throated bottles? Knowing the secrets of this traditional seaman's hobby provides Frances E. McCaffrey with one of the most unusual livelihoods in New York City.

"People don't believe I put the ship in through the mouth of the bottle," she says. "They think I saw the bottle in half, insert the model and base of putty, and then glue the container together again."

The trick is this: the size of the hull is limited by the diameter of the bottle opening. Fully rigged, the masts, attached to the hull by tiny wire hinges, are collapsed astern and the sails are twisted askew. After insertion, the masts are pulled upright into position by strings tied to them, and the sails are adjusted with delicate instruments.

The models, made inexpensively from scraps and discarded bottles, are sold as souvenirs in hobby shops throughout the country.

Now completing about six models in two days, Frances McCaffrey learned the craft from a seaman who developed his technique during a lifetime on the seas. From him, she acquired a thorough knowledge of the old ships and their brave and hearty crews, and a preference for both, as well. She says: "In the old days, the men were stronger than the ships; now the ships are stronger than the men."

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MontaMower is a modern, efficient kind of lawn mower that literally "sells itself." This live, 8¼ lb. precision machine first gathers, then smoothly and easily cuts a full 16" swath through grass, dandelions, spike grass and tall lawn weeds (including those that ordinarily pop back up to cause you extra work).

AND EVEN MORE IMPORTANT . . . MontaMower does what no conventional mower can do! It cuts right up to walls, fences, trees, under foliage, around close quarter borders—it practically eliminates hand trimming!

MontaMower is sturdy, yet so light that even women and children can operate it easily and efficiently. On your own lawn, under most conditions, the **MontaMower** will prove itself far superior to any other type of hand operated mower.

This is why we can sell you this fine low priced mower with a "Written Guarantee"—on a most liberal "Try on your own lawn—on approval" basis. Write today for full details on this amazing offer.

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Gentlemen: Without obligation, kindly send me complete descriptive literature, price, guarantee information, and full details of your amazing "Try it on your own lawn" Approval Offer.

Name_____

Address_____

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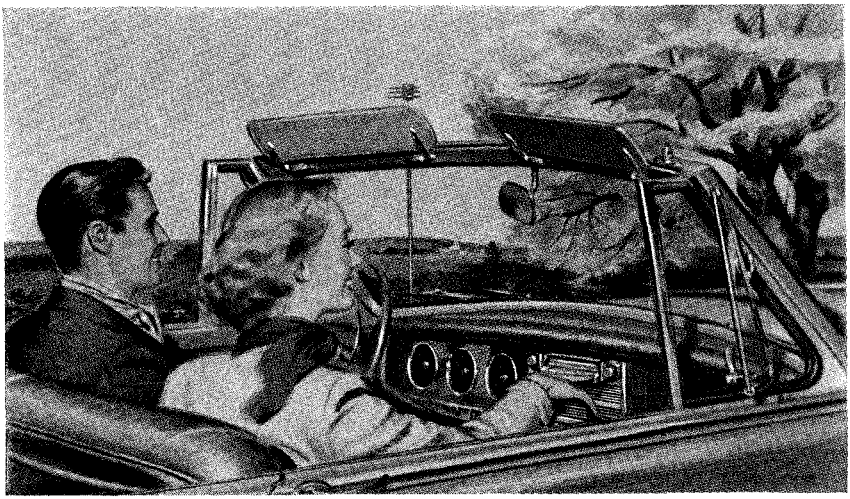

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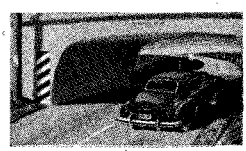

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The Come-back Triumph of MORTON DOWNEY

by CAROL HUGHES

Today he's at the peak of his career, but he hasn't forgotten the lean days

"FOR YEARS I THOUGHT the benches in Grand Central Station made the best hotel in New York City," Morton Downey said not long ago. The statement is important not only because it is true, but because it also shows that nothing will ever make the Irish tenor forget the lean days when he was anything but a popular celebrity.

Downey's 49 years have held all the pathos and drama of a turbulent life. He has been broke, hungry, without a bed. He has been wined and dined by princes, kings, and tycoons. He has climbed to the top of the ladder of success and plunged to the bottom. He has been proclaimed a politician second only to Franklin Roosevelt. And, currently, he is rated as more than a one-million millionaire.

As a result of all this, Downey's celebrity friends range in the hundreds, while his ordinary friends are countless. His relationship with his five children is one of the most inspiring stories in the entertainment world. Pushing 50, he recently married a beautiful young society woman. Yes, Downey is quite a person, but he has kept his emotions so hidden beneath a laughing surface that only intimate friends know of the tragedy in his life, and none have ever heard him boast of the glamour and success.

Over the years, predictions of his failure have cropped up regularly. Critics lamented Coca-Cola's lack of business acumen when, in the early '40s, they hired Downey at $4,500 a week on a five-year contract. He became the top Coca-Cola salesman of all time.

The same critics shuddered when Downey was signed to appear at the Waldorf-Astoria as a night-club entertainer. "*Him and his 'Mother Machree'!*" they wisecracked. But he broke all Waldorf records.

More recently, when he went into television, the skeptics said: "At his age, with the same old songs?" Downey came onto TV screens looking a youthful thirty, with the exuberance of six crooners.

Downey, however, is more than

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a crooner. As an entertainer, he stands in a class which is peculiarly his own. All he needs is a piano and an audience to catch fire. With one foot on the pedal and the other free for mayhem, Downey can put over *It's the Same Old Shillelagh* as no other singer on earth can do it.

His perennial songs are now almost a personal monopoly. He has made *Carolina Moon* his property forever. He has sung *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling* some 100,000 times. And his reverent rendition of Milne's *Christopher Robin Is Saying His Prayers* has become a classic.

If you give Downey half an hour on a telephone, he can pack a night club with his celebrity friends. On his opening night at the Waldorf's Wedgwood Room, Downey breezed through the Stork Club and, as Sherman Billingsley said, "Cleaned it out." Billingsley went along, too, with Walter Winchell, Steve Hannagan, and Arthur Godfrey.

Bing Crosby, a good friend who calls Morton "the world's oldest choirboy," is one of his fervent disciples. Among Downey's other cronies are ex-Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy; Coca-Cola's Robert W. Woodruff; Jack Frye, the former air-line and present chemical mogul; and Jim Farley.

The chief reason for such friendships is strictly the Downey personality. Morton is one of the most gregarious humans alive. Harry Mason, who has been associated with him for 22 years, says: "I think if he had to stay alone very long, he would fold up and die."

Downey's world-wide acquaintanceship with the famous makes it possible for him to regale listeners for hours with stories about almost every noted name in the country. And yet his wit-spiked comments on people, which might carry a sting in the mouth of anyone else, merely bring howls from his listeners—without lingering malice.

At the same time, Downey enjoys home life, loves the companionship of his children. An incurably generous person, he would, his mother says, have spoiled the children forever if she had not made him cut down on his gift-giving.

STILL ANOTHER FACET of the Downey character is his affinity for practical jokes. Once, when Morton and the late Mark Hellinger were sauntering down the corridors of a radio station, they saw Ted Husing giving his all into the microphone. Quietly they entered the studio and locked the door. Then Downey removed one of Husing's shoes, Hellinger the other.

While Husing continued talking as though nothing were happening, the two visitors took off his coat, shirt, tie, and finally his trousers. Then they sauntered out, leaving a murderous Husing at the mike.

Another practical joke that nearly matched the Husing classic was played on a friend in Hollywood the night before his marriage. Encouraged by Downey and a doctor friend, the young man imbibed too freely. Then, while he was "under the influence," Downey and the doctor put one of his arms in a splint and told him he had injured it in a fall. Three days after the wedding, they wired him that there was nothing wrong with his arm. "He didn't speak to me for three weeks," Downey recalls sadly.

It is difficult, however, for any-

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one to stay angry at Downey very long. Standing five feet ten, with dark-brown hair, blue-gray eyes, and impeccable clothes, Morton has an indestructible youthfulness. His expression is one of alertness, his laugh is loud and hearty.

Downey has used these assets in all directions: nothing has been wasted—politically or otherwise. Morton started as a singing urchin in Tammany Hall; he learned then how important connections could be. His singing engagements at political rallies kept him in bread and butter for several lean years.

Downey became a White House favorite during Roosevelt's regime and has held a practical Presidential monopoly ever since. A warmly autographed picture of Truman adorns his table now. He has cheerfully performed without fee at thousands of political rallies and benefits; he hobnobs with Senators, drops in casually on the governor of every state he visits.

In the business world, Downey looms larger than his press notices would indicate. After eight lean years in the '30s when he was seriously considering giving up his career as an entertainer, Morton climbed back to widen his horizons and insure his fortune. Today, he earns $250,000 to $300,000 a year in radio and television.

He is a partner with ex-Ambassador Kennedy in several profitable ventures. He is a Coca-Cola bottler in New Haven. He is a director of Desogel, a chemical company in which he is a large stockholder. With Sherman Billingsley, proprietor of the world-famous Stork Club, Steve Hannagan, the great public-relations expert, and Arthur Godfrey, he is co-owner of Le Galion Perfume Company. He also derives a handsome income from Manhattan real-estate. All of which emphasizes his determination to build up an estate for his children.

THE STORY OF DOWNEY and his children is an endearing one. When life began to crack down on Downey after ten exalted years as a top entertainer, it let loose a full blast. He married Barbara Bennett in 1929. The couple had five children—Michael Joseph, Sean Morton, Lorelle Anne, Anthony Patrick, and Kevin Peter. The marriage began to break up in 1939, and, along with it, Downey's stock as an entertainer hit bottom.

By that time, most of his earnings were derived from single engagements in clubs, with no radio or business interests to supplement his mounting expenses. Downey's father, a fire-department chief in Wallingford, Connecticut, had retired from his job. Downey took his brood of five children and headed back to his home town.

There, his sister Helen gave up her career and took over the "mothering and managing," while his mother welcomed the children as her own. Now Downey had to redouble his efforts to provide for his large household. The results of those ten years are a matter of proud record in the Downey annals.

The family today is an impetuous group of individuals. Hannagan says of them: "Being an old bachelor myself, it is difficult for me to understand why, when Morton has a week end off, he heads for home and his kids instead of having fun in New York. It has always been

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amazing to see him settle down for a rough-and-tumble with those kids. He takes them everywhere; proudly has as many as are available to lunch at the Colony or Stork Club; and his apartment in New York is filled with them."

Kevin, the youngest, has Morton's gumption, with his own nerve and humor added. Enrolled in the Putnam School at Wallingford, he couples serious study with his singing and his guitar. Sometimes, his brand of humor has a razor edge.

Seated at breakfast one morning, Morton looked around to discover that Tony was still upstairs, snoozing peacefully. Heading for the stairs, Downey bellowed: "Tony, get yourself down here right now!"

Rising from the table, young Kevin bowed and solemnly intoned: "Ladies and gentlemen, you have just heard the voice of America's best-loved tenor."

Michael, now 20, is enrolled at Notre Dame. He enjoys the Downey good looks and the Irish gift of gab. But Michael has decided to become a businessman.

Sean is a Downey replica. Unpredictable, uninhibited, full of Irish nerve, he feels his father is hampering his career. Enrolled at Solebury in New Hope, Pennsylvania, 18-year-old Sean considers he is wasting time on school.

"He's nuts about singing, a piano, and the theater," says Downey.

All the children have good voices, all play musical instruments. They are also good horsemen and excellent swimmers, and have always had to earn their spending money.

Morton's mother, Mrs. James A. Downey, has seen to it that they learned how hard money was to earn, and how to spend it. "I have had to be a little strict," she says, "because I don't want them ever to take money for granted or get any snobbish notions."

The only girl, Lorelle, now 16, is the pride of the family. Enrolled at Marymount, she is a pretty brunette and has quieted down a bit—but such was not always the case. To hold her own in a family of rough-and-tumble boys and father, Lorelle took up jujitsu and boxing. A few whams in the middle of the rough stuff and the Downey boys had a new respect for her.

Downey has always taken pride in keeping the children in school—in view of his own background in that field. As a boy, Morton never got into serious trouble—he just stayed in mild trouble.

The fun-loving youngster found his school principal strangely apathetic to Irish tenors. Thus, Morton waged guerrilla warfare with Lyman Hall to end his futile schooling. The feud came to a climax when he belted a bully in study hall. On the second round, he misjudged his target and hit the fire alarm. As the bells pealed and the principal handed him his books with unquestioned finality, he had the honor of leading the entire school as they marched out in fire-drill formation.

AFTER A SAD PERIOD of factory work at $8 a week, Morton took a job as newshawk on trains running between Wallingford and Hartford. Singing his plaintive songs with untrained voice up and down the cars, he finally saved enough money to get to New York—his dream city. There he hung around the song-publishing houses,

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earning $10 to $15 a week as a singer for artists seeking new numbers. Caught up in the competitive whirlpool of Manhattan, the young singer was soon on his way to starvation. Sleeping on benches in Grand Central, eating sorry food, his clothes fast becoming threadbare, the determined Morton refused to give up.

One night, while the youth was singing for a party at Tammany Hall, kindly James Hagan, a Tammany leader, looked at the boy's shabby clothes.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

The boy looked defiant. "Brooklyn," he said.

"What street?" Hagan shot back. Downey was trapped—he didn't know a street.

Hagan took him home, gave him a room on the top floor with three of his eight children. Downey stayed there for six years, in heavenly bliss. And even after his success, he would head back for his old room when he got into town.

The years that followed were hard ones—weeks in "grind houses," song-plugging for low pay, and late hours in smokers. Finally, he joined Max Spiegel at the Sheridan Square Theater in Greenwich Village, where Spiegel was running a Western thriller. Morton, in cowboy pants, boots, and sombrero, was billed "Direct From Ireland," and sang *Mother Machree.*

It was during this strange performance that Paul Whiteman's manager heard Morton and auditioned him. Whiteman, captured by the young singer's infectious exuberance, took him on. But even then, recognition came sparingly to Downey, and finally dwindled to his last appearance at the Palace in New York.

With nothing to worry about except being jobless next day, Downey went out on the stage and brought the house down. When he let go with his *Molly Malone*—that was *it.* After ten curtain calls, Morton went back to pack his bags. Whiteman rushed up and asked, "Where do you think you're going?" Never reluctant to take advantage of an opportunity, Morton agreed to reconsider departing, providing his salary was raised from $100 to $250 a week *and* his name appeared in marquee letters as large as Whiteman's.

Downey hit the glory road from that day onward, in one of the most successful 15-year periods any entertainer has ever known. He made 20 Atlantic crossings with the *S. S. Leviathan* orchestra, meeting celebrities of the world; he went with Flo Ziegfeld in the *Palm Beach Show* for the winter of 1926; his fan mail mounted; people chased him for autographs.

In London, he sang over the BBC —and conceived the notion of radio fame in America. Back in the U.S., he became the biggest name on the air. Then he married beauteous Barbara Bennett, sister to famous Constance and Joan.

But as the Depression hit in the '30s, contracts no longer crowded his schedule. As the offers waned, Downey decided his only hope lay in buying his own club. Soon he opened the Delmonico in New York and confined most of his activities to the club and a few engagements in mediocre night spots about the country. Heartsick, unhappy, convinced the public was tired of him,

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and with his marriage breaking up, Downey reached the depths again.

On the verge of accepting an offer from a publishing house as advertising salesman, Downey found how important his friends had become. Joseph Kennedy would not let him quit. He started a campaign to get Morton back on his feet.

Rumors of Coca-Cola's interest reached Downey, and he began to haunt anyone who had influence with the company. When he finally landed the contract, it became the turning point in his career.

Since 1942, when Downey signed with Coca-Cola, he has been almost exclusively their representative. He made his TV debut for Mohawk Carpets in 1949, and last fall Kelvinator and Coca-Cola became his television sponsors. Downey's half-hour show on Friday night, "Star of the Family," offers him plenty of time to sing and play his way into the hearts of his visual fans. Meanwhile, he still conducts his radio show for Coca-Cola once a week.

Still another new world has recently dawned for Downey. His new wife, the wealthy young Peggy Boyce Hohenlohe, stepdaughter of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle and mother of two children of her own, is adored by the entire Downey clan. In addition to his 14-room home in Connecticut, Downey has now taken two Park Avenue apartments in New York, almost side by side. Here he has ample room for his offices and living quarters for his children.

"I need a dormitory when they pile in for week ends with their friends from school," says Downey. "But I guess the two places will have to take care of us."

Intimates who have known Downey through the hard years now rejoice that he has fought his way back to the top. Robert W. Dana aptly summed up his appeal in the New York *Herald Tribune*: "Morton Downey's rich tenor voice tears at the heart and melts the most brittle audience. It is the golden-hearted simplicity of the man, the engaging quality of his smile, the salt of his humor . . . that holds an exacting audience enthralled."

Obviously, Morton Downey is up again, and now predictions are that the "Dark Horse" is up there to stay for years to come.

Smiling Through

Sign in a Duluth hotel elevator: "You are never fully dressed until you wear a smile." —Lester Kroepel

The one who looks as though he cannot smile is the one most in need of the smile you can give him. —Harry R. Craig (*Guideposts*)

A smile is a light in the window of the face which shows that the heart is at home. —Frances Benson

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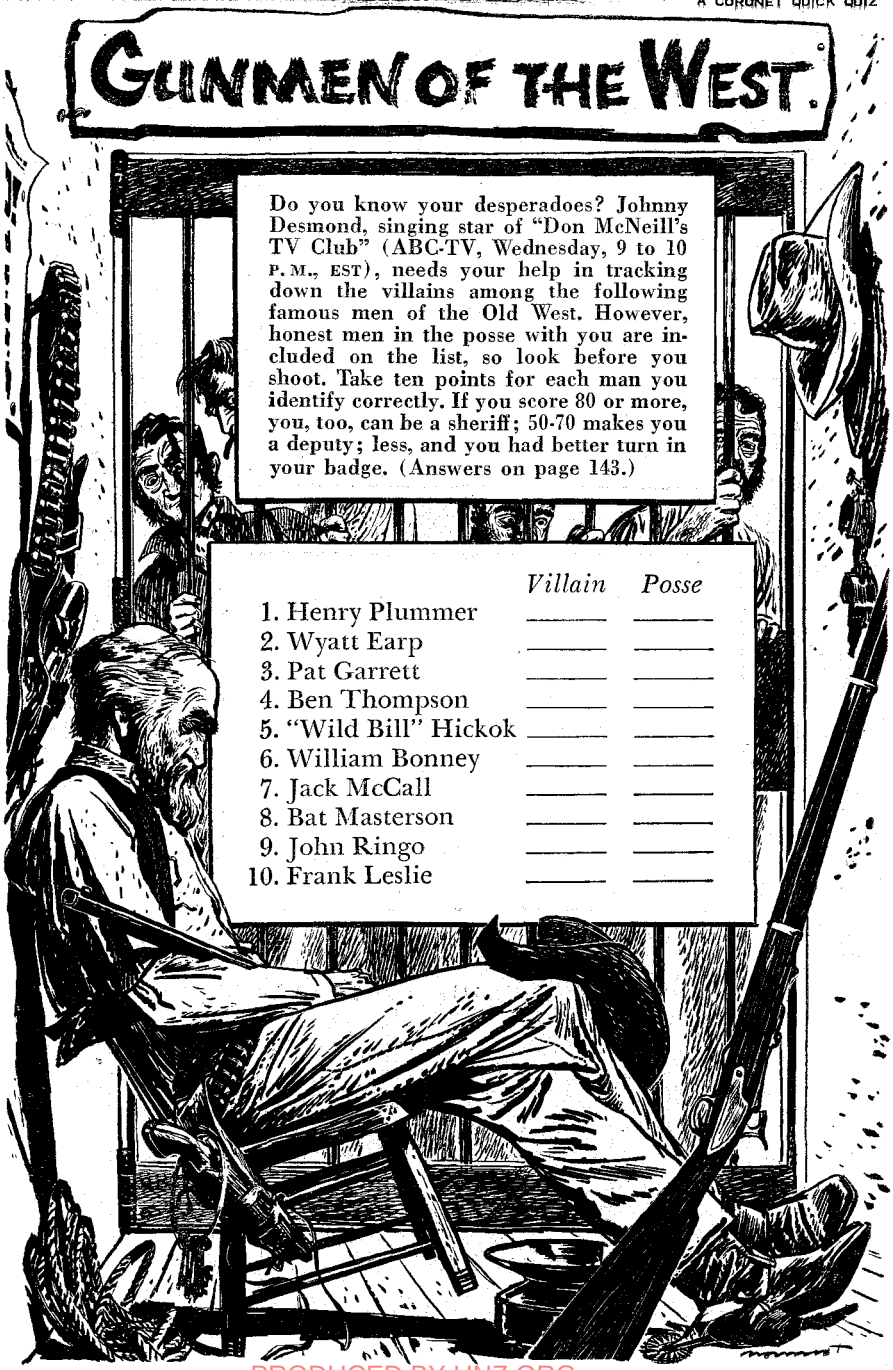
GUNMEN OF THE WEST



Do you know your desperadoes? Johnny Desmond, singing star of "Don McNeill's TV Club" (ABC-TV, Wednesday, 9 to 10 P.M., EST), needs your help in tracking down the villains among the following famous men of the Old West. However, honest men in the posse with you are included on the list, so look before you shoot. Take ten points for each man you identify correctly. If you score 80 or more, you, too, can be a sheriff; 50-70 makes you a deputy; less, and you had better turn in your badge. (Answers on page 143.)

	Villain	*Posse*
1. Henry Plummer	_____	_____
2. Wyatt Earp	_____	_____
3. Pat Garrett	_____	_____
4. Ben Thompson	_____	_____
5. "Wild Bill" Hickok	_____	_____
6. William Bonney	_____	_____
7. Jack McCall	_____	_____
8. Bat Masterson	_____	_____
9. John Ringo	_____	_____
10. Frank Leslie	_____	_____

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Our Human

WHILE A GROUP of us were dining in a Chinese restaurant on Chicago's South Side, one of the musicians, for a solo, struck up a haunting, vaguely familiar melody, but we could not recall its name. Beckoning to the magnificently clad waiter, we asked him to find out what the musician was playing.

He padded across the dining room, and then returned in triumph to announce: "Violin!"

—REDICK B. JENKINS

IT WAS THE LITTLE BRIDE'S first cake. She cut her husband a slice and let her heart stand on tiptoe while he sampled it. The cake was exceedingly yellow and, yielding to a surmise, he lovingly inquired, "Darling, how did you happen to use so many eggs?"

"Because, dear," she replied tremulously, "they weren't very good eggs."

THE COMMITTEE at an old ladies' home was discussing their program. One member suggested that a glovemaking class would be an interesting project.

"Do you think that is really necessary—at our age, I mean?" asked one elderly woman, looking somewhat alarmed.

"What, glovemaking?" another of the inmates asked.

"Oh," she said, looking greatly relieved, "I thought you said lovemaking." —*Wall Street Journal*

A DEPARTMENT STORE, on the assumption that customers would rather be confronted with smiles than frowns, inaugurated a courtesy campaign among its employees. It worked fine, with one exception. A customer was told by a smiling salesgirl that the store was fresh out of a certain item and didn't know where or when it could be had.

The customer gave her an unlaundered look and said bitterly, "Well, you don't have to be so darn happy about it!" —MATT WEINSTOCK

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES had a habit of writing his opinions standing beside a special high desk in his Washington home.

"Mr. Justice, why do you write your opinions standing up?" a new secretary asked.

"Son," said Holmes, "it's very simple. If I sit down, I write a long opinion and don't come to the point as quickly as I could. If I stand up, I write as long as my knees hold out. When my knees give out, I know it's time to stop!" —EMMET LAVERY

ONE OF FINANCIER Bernard Baruch's friends spoke so often about his love for hunting that Baruch finally invited him to his South Carolina plantation for a turkey shoot. The friend tramped for two days, shooting madly, but he failed to hit a single turkey.

Mr. Baruch made no comment. The next morning, however, the friend was ambling along a path near the house when he saw a fat

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Comedy

gobbler sitting motionless in a tree. He crept up close, fired point-blank, and was overjoyed when the turkey fell at his feet. It was only when he picked it up that he noticed a card tied around its neck. The card read, "With the compliments of Bernard Baruch."

—Bennett Cerf, *Laughter, Inc.* (Garden City)

At a luncheon counter in New York City, a Broadway wolf was staring intently at a pretty chorus girl sitting two seats away. The girl showed plainly that she was annoyed.

"I'm only resting my eyes," explained the wolf.

"Well," snapped the girl, "don't rest them on me." —Bertha Sulman

G. B. Shaw, when invited to a dinner for 200 intellectuals, declined, saying he was a vegetarian. The host thereupon offered to serve a vegetarian dinner.

"No," declined Shaw again, "I couldn't stand listening to 200 people crunching celery."

—Earl Wilson (*Post-Hall Syndicate, Inc.*)

A young writer submitted a play to Erwin Piscator, director of the Dramatic Workshop, and appeared the next day to hear Piscator's report. "Will you produce it?" he asked, eagerly.

"No. Your play is awful," said the producer, "but your typing is beautiful." He hired the playwright —as a typist. —Leonard Lyons

When the service ended, the church organist said complacently to the old organ-blower: "I played rather well today."

"*We* played rather well," retorted the old man.

"I . . ." insisted the organist.

The argument was taken a stage further at the next service when the organist pressed the keys for the first chord and no sound came forth. Leaning towards the blower, he whispered:

"Wind, please, wind!"

"Not before we get this settled," replied the organ-blower, "I or *we*?"

—Yorkshire *Post*

An eastern university professor was being shown about the huge campus of the University of California at Los Angeles by one of the deans. "My," he said, impressed, "just how many students do you have here?"

"Let me see," the dean answered thoughtfully. "I'd say about one in a hundred." —*Liguorian*

The wealthy socialite was showing a friend over his new house.

"I can have my bath in my bedroom if I choose," he remarked smugly. "I just touch a button and the bath, ready filled, runs into the bedroom on those two rails. Let me show you how simple it is."

The householder pressed a button, whereupon the bath, filled with water, glided in—but it also contained his wife! —*Tit-Bits*

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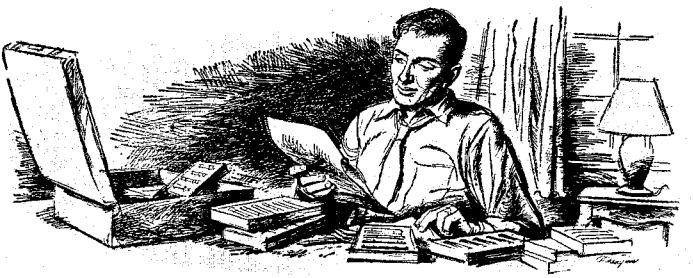
SPORS
Has a Way of Doing Business



by NORMAN CARLISLE

A tiny Minnesota town is headquarters for a $3,000,000-a-year mail-order house

WHEN HIS CAR broke down in southern Minnesota, the salesman fumed while it was being repaired. By the time the job was finished, it was too late to reach Minneapolis, his destination. To avoid wasting time, he checked his list of prospects and hit on a card which read: "Spors Company, Wholesalers, Le Center, Minnesota."

A call there hardly seemed worth while, since his road map revealed that Le Center was a tiny country town. But anyway, he drove the 30 miles. A few hours later, when he emerged from a plain brown-painted building not too different from a country store, he had a $20,000 order in his pocket.

The stunned salesman was not the first to express bewilderment at finding a unique $3,000,000-a-year mail-order business in a remote Minnesota town. There was, for instance, the businessman from South Africa who was astonished to discover when he reached New York that nobody there had ever heard of Le Center. He had assumed it must be a major metropolis to house the company which supplied him with vast quantities of merchandise.

Then there were the postal officials in Washington who were flabbergasted by the fact that not New York, not Chicago, handles the most mail per capita. That honor belongs to Le Center, population 1,400—thanks to the Spors Company.

If these people had lived in Le Center, they would have been much more likely to express gratitude than surprise. For citizens of the town think pityingly of all the luckless places that do not have a Spors Company, a feeling only partially occasioned by the fact that one of every five working people in the community is employed by Spors. And in the warmly human relationship of the business with the town, you'll find one of the major secrets of a unique success story.

The homespun saga of the company really began when young Frank Spors was hurt in an accident

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on the big family farm near Rosen, Minnesota. A kindly country doctor told the energetic young man the truth about his injured back.

"Frank, you'll never be able to do any kind of farm work."

That was a blow to young Spors, who loved the rolling wheat fields of western Minnesota. While he was brooding, he read a magazine ad urging agents to sell imported fountain pens. Hesitantly, Spors sent for samples and started to sell them in near-by towns. To his amazement, he sold so many pens he had a hard time getting a supply.

More than once, he found himself whiling away lonely hours in a hotel while waiting for a shipment to catch up with him. He licked that problem by importing the pens himself, but that meant he had to keep huge quantities on hand. Then it occurred to him that he could help other salesmen, as well as himself, by widening his market for the pens. With each one he sold, he handed out a card which read: "Sell pens like this—Make big money."

Almost at once, orders started pouring in. Filling them took so much of the young salesman's time that he had none left for selling. He needed help, and a headquarters. A letter from his brother Albert, who was going to high school in Le Center, decided him to turn over the job of filling the orders to him temporarily. Meanwhile, he went back on the road.

As orders continued to come in, he realized he had his fingers on a potentially big business. Where should he locate it? New York? Chicago? Whenever he reviewed the logical places, quiet little Le Center kept coming to mind.

Was it a crackpot idea to think he could run a mail-order business from there? Everybody told him it was, but Spors just couldn't get the idea out of his head. His marriage to a small-town South Dakota girl settled the matter. Spors left the road and they set up shop in two upstairs rooms in Le Center.

From the start, it was a family enterprise, with Frank Spors and his wife and Albert all working together. Up to that point, Frank had been thinking only about fountain pens. Then he heard of a raincoat manufacturer who was in difficulties. Could he sell raincoats, too?

Frank decided to gamble, and with every cent he could scrape together bought the manufacturer's stock. Fortunately the raincoats sold. More and more items were added to Spors' list and a catalogue was a logical next step.

Though the business grew steadily, those were lean years when more than once the family had to gamble on the purchase of bankrupt merchandise sight unseen. That was one of the hazards of doing business in a remote town, but the Sporses accepted the situation, and at times actually turned it to advantage.

There were, for instance, the barrels of celluloid trash that turned up in one purchase. "There must be *something* we can do with it," Frank muttered stubbornly.

He took to studying chemical formulas calling for the use of celluloid. He made a corner of the warehouse into a laboratory and there stirred up a number of vile-smelling brews. Then one day he rushed out with some gummy stuff and exclaimed, "I've got it!"

What he had was a cement—

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which he promptly named *Wel'z All* —with an amazing power to hold things together. It worked on wood, glass, crockery, and metals. Sales of *Wel'z All* have since topped the million-bottle mark.

THE SECRET of Spors' success is simple enough. He had hit on a new and useful formula for conducting a mail-order business. Remembering his own dismal waits for merchandise, he recognized the need for offering small merchants a streamlined service that got goods into their hands at unheard-of speed.

The name Spors became a legend all over the U. S. and in many foreign countries, and today the company has expanded its operations into a regular wholesale house which serves thousands of dealers in variety, hardware, general, and automotive lines from a selection of 7,000 items, ranging from ten-cent can openers to expensive jewelry.

Spors people are convinced that the biggest favor they can do anyone is to get him started in business. They will show you letters like the one from the Nebraska widow who wanted to try selling fountain pens to pay off her mortgage but didn't have money for samples. Spors sent her a batch anyway. In a year she sold 6,000 pens.

Salesmen are often overwhelmed by the easygoing, friendly atmosphere at the Spors Company. The chances are good that any visitor will be greeted by a member of the Spors family. Clark Foss, house manager, is a brother of Mrs. Frank Spors; and Warren Christianson, present manager, is her nephew.

Until he died in 1949, Frank Spors always sat at a big desk in the bustling order department, a practice continued by Christianson. Albert Spors, a genial, rotund man, sits amid samples of the hundreds of items which he has purchased as a company buyer.

The distance from big cities has made Spors' almost self-sustaining. It has its own power plant, its own art department, and even its own manufacturing department where it makes many of the products it sells. Even the U. S. Post Office has been fitted neatly into the Spors picture, by the simple process of having it located right in the building.

Spors' has not only adapted itself to the problems of operating in an out-of-the-way spot, but has turned it into what any Spors official considers the company's biggest asset. Just what's so wonderful about Le Center? Well, take a look around town at noontime.

The siren blows and all work stops. Spors workers stroll down the street—on their way home to dinner. For it is a part of the way of life in Le Center that folks just naturally eat at home.

In spite of the easy pace, or perhaps because of it, Spors employees manage to turn out orders with a speed that has astonished visiting mail-order men.

"We just keep working along," says Miss Ann Butler, who radiates pride in her job in the order department, the job she has had for the past 28 years. Though she is the oldest employee, there are many others who can point to a couple of decades of service.

The loyalty has been mutual. Once a delegation of businessmen from a near-by big city called on Spors. "We want your business in

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our town," they announced. "We have just the building for you." Whereupon they offered Spors a $250,000 building for $25,000.

It was tempting, for Spors knew it would cost much more than that to make necessary enlargements in the buildings in Le Center. Still, to the amazement of the visiting officials, he said no. Frank just couldn't see himself living anywhere else, he didn't think his employees would take kindly to moving, and, besides, he was worried about what would happen to the community.

The Spors willingness to extend a helping hand reaches far beyond Le Center. Perhaps no one ever got a bigger boost than the inventor and manufacturer of a new-type bottle opener. He was overwhelmed when he got a whopping order from Spors for a *million* of them.

He would have been even more grateful if he had known the story behind that order. A Spors stenographer had made the mistake of typing an extra zero on what was intended to be an order for 100,000!

When the error was discovered, there was still time to stop the order, but Spors shook his head. "Let it go through," he said. "That's an awful lot of bottle openers, but I guess we can find a way to sell them."

Needless to say, the Spors Company did find a way—and set the inventor up in business.

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THE TEST OF AMERICANISM

by HAL CLANCY

Even in the heat of battle, our civilization is too deeply ingrained to wipe off

THIS IS A STORY of the war in Korea which never appeared in big headlines—though, indirectly, it certainly will figure in the history books of tomorrow. It is not merely a tale of heroism. It is the story of a great victory which America could not have afforded to lose.

To understand it, first you must understand the soldier. He was an infantry captain. In speech and attitude, he was remarkably like most infantry officers and men. It was that fact which made what happened seem so significant.

"The first thing you news correspondents have to learn," he told me, "is that this isn't World War II. This is a fight with all pretense of civilization wiped away. We're not fighting Red soldiers, we're fighting communists in general—men, women, and children. You have to learn to hate them all."

He had seen the men, women, and children pass through UN lines as refugees and then creep back with information for the enemy which cost American lives.

He was familiar with the "refugees" who cut American phone wires and then hid in ambush to kill repair crews. He had seen the remains of 36 men from his own battalion whom the enemy had captured, tortured, and murdered.

"We've all got to be tougher than we ever thought of being, or we don't stand a chance," he said.

"How do you learn to 'hate' women in general?" I asked him.

"Easy," he said bitterly. "Information transmitted by a woman kills soldiers as fast as information transmitted any other way."

Fresh in the young, blue-eyed Captain's mind was the bonfire into which he and his troops had thrown letters and treasured photographs of their wives and children.

"You know why?" he snapped. "Because if the Reds got us and

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found where our families lived, they'd torment them by mail."

"How about kids?" I asked him. "Easy to hate, too?"

"No," he said. "Not easy—but necessary, if they're communist kids. Ever hear about the cute youngster who acted as an artillery spotter for the Gooks for weeks before we knew what he was up to? He took food from our men and repaid them by killing them. Cute kid, eh?"

There was no question about one point: the communists had, as the Captain said, shelved any pretense of civilization. Was it necessary, I asked, that we do the same thing?

"No choice," he said flatly. "You have to make up your mind that a Red—man, woman, or child—is an enemy. You have to hate them all and destroy them rather than take the slightest chance."

Two days later, the Captain, returning from a patrol, came to a crossroad which had been under enemy mortar fire. The body of a young girl lay sprawled in the mud. The back of her thin white dress was crimson, but she was still alive.

Two American soldiers were in foxholes near-by, guarding the junction. They told the Captain that the girl had been with a group of communist "refugees." That meant she was probably a communist.

"Where's the aid station?" the Captain asked tonelessly.

The soldier nodded in the direction of the long, naked road which was covered by enemy snipers. The Captain picked up the girl and carried her down the road.

"WHAT HAPPENED?" I asked him later. "Change your mind?"

"No," he replied. "I still believe we should forget our civilization when we fight these people. But I know, now, that what we *should* do, and what we *can* do, are entirely different things."

There it was. The enemy had proved able to turn his "civilization" on and off—even to cast it aside completely as a snake sheds his skin. But our civilization would not wipe off.

Perhaps I read too much into the incident. But it seemed as though the moral strength of American civilization was sorely tried at that lonely Korean crossroad, and that it proved too powerful, too sound, too fundamentally *right* to be overthrown.

Ad-Vice

From a New York paper—"Join the Blond-a-Month Plan." —HILDA HEYM

From a North Carolina help-wanted section—"Teacher. Hold a Certificate in Home Economics. Three year sexperience."

—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

Gunmen of the West (Answers to quiz on page 135)

Villains: 1, 4, 6, 7, 9, 10. Posse: 2, 3, 5, 8.

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DISASTER IN OREGON

by STEWART H. HOLBROOK

In a grim half-hour, horror and death swept relentlessly through a peaceful valley

IT WAS A SWELTERING DAY, the 14th of June, 47 years ago. The sun traveled across the Oregon sky in a steady blaze that shriveled the wheat and sent thousands of sheep to the creek bottoms.

In the village of Heppner, county seat and trading center set in a narrow valley along tiny Willow Creek, not a breath of air moved all through that interminable Sunday. Tar oozed from the seams of the papered shacks. Clapboards curled and cracked on the better houses. The kids could not go swimming; there wasn't enough water in Willow Creek to cover the knees.

But 4 o'clock brought welcome signs of relief. The sun disappeared. A breeze came up. The sky turned gray and Heppner people began to feel better as a few big drops of rain splattered on the parched roofs and the leaves of the cottonwoods along the creek rustled in the rising wind.

Then suddenly the sky, as black now as midnight, was split by a bolt of lightning that thundered in the close valley like the crack of doom. The whole heavens suddenly opened as though torn apart—and the rain came.

Water poured down in a volume the oldest inhabitants had never seen. Hail came intermittently and so thick it began to pile up in door-yards like snow. The valley and village were lighted every few moments by flashes in the dark sky, while thunder rolled in continuous volleys. The cloudburst continued for perhaps 20 minutes, and with it the hail, the wind, the thunder and lightning.

Then the clatter of the tormented elements was wholly lost in a new

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and sudden roaring sound. It wasn't a noise that grew. It was a noise both mighty and full-grown when it struck the ear, and it brought men up out of their chairs and women out of their kitchens.

This strange new noise was the meeting, just above the village, of two monstrous great torrents rolling down Balm Fork and Willow Creek and merging into one thunderous wave of water.

George Conser, cashier of the town bank, and his wife were at home when they heard the noise. Almost immediately the first tremendous wave struck. The windows caved in.

The Consers started upstairs, water at their heels. The whole house groaned. It wrenched. It reeled. And then its lower portion collapsed. Away went the Consers in their ark of an upper story.

The steam laundry, filled with heavy machinery, held out a few minutes, long enough to dam the waters 20 feet deep, long enough for a few people to see what was upon them, and to start running.

Then the impromptu dam gave way, loosing the rush of a lake into the streets. Carrying children, a few of the running men managed to get out from under. But not many of the women. Skirts were long in 1903, and the muddy water quickly made them unbearably heavy. The women sagged, stumbled, disappeared.

August Londell had an instant in which to run out of his house and climb a big cottonwood, dragging two youngsters with him. Just then the Londell house caught the full force of the wave, left its moorings, keeled over, and came rolling past with Mrs. Londell clinging grimly to the top.

Her husband reached out and caught her, like a sack of mail at a way station, pulling her into the God-given tree, where the Londell family lived it out while Heppner was being knocked to pieces.

At the Palace Hotel, three stories of staunch brick, Mrs. Phil Metchan, wife of the owner, who was absent at the time, saw her two Japanese house-boys dash out of the hotel toward the flood, a block away. She picked up her two-year-old youngster and ran for the nearest hill, making it safely.

The two Japanese lads performed valiantly in pulling women and children from the water and debris; one of them gave his life in the heroic effort.

Now the wallowing houses, the cattle, the mud, hail, and human beings were piled in a hideous jam against a stout row of trees, and another dam was formed. It held just long enough to form and let loose a second lake.

The first wave picked up the Mallory home entire, with Gus Mallory, postmaster, bedridden in the upper story, and sent it on a careening voyage halfway across the village, to come to rest finally on Main Street.

At the railroad station, Agent Kernan and his family got a look at what was coming toward them. They ran for higher ground. But Kernan had forgotten something and turned back. Whatever it was, it could not have been worth the effort, for when he emerged once more from the depot, the rush of water tore him off his legs and whirled him away into the dreadful hodge-

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podge of timbers and debris.

Meanwhile, two young men of Heppner had set out on a heroic mission. They were Leslie Matlock and Bruce Kelly. They saw that first big wave when the dam at the laundry gave way. They knew it was too late to do anything for Heppner. It might even be too late to warn the hamlet of Lexington, 10 miles down Willow Creek, and the hamlet of Ione, which was eight miles beyond Lexington. But they determined to try.

While Kelly hurried to get saddle horses at the one livery stable beyond the flood waters, Matlock ran to Bisbee's hardware store for wire cutters. They would have to ride overland, and between Heppner and the other villages was fence after fence of taut, well-strung barbed wire.

The store was locked, but Matlock kicked in the door, grabbed two pairs of cutters, then ran to the stable. He and Kelly mounted and took off.

It was tough going, all downhill or uphill, and no road. Every half-mile or less there was a fence to be cut—dangerous business, with the sky flashing and every strand of wire potentially an electrode ready to burn a man to a crisp. And down came rain and hail, beating and frightening the horses.

The animals were hard to manage at the fences; and cutting the wire took time—true, only a few seconds here and a few seconds there, but they added up in the race with the flood that was tearing down Willow Creek.

The riders came in sight of Lexington, to find the waters were going to be ahead of them by about two minutes. "We can beat her to Ione!" Matlock yelled, and away they went.

There were more fences to cut. Both horses were tiring. Presently Kelly's animal gave out.

Matlock urged his own mount on. Only four miles more . . . three miles . . . two miles . . . The animal's pace was slowing. The horses tumbled. Matlock urged, praised, cajoled, demanded—using every trick known to the experienced horseman.

The animal responded, and Leslie clattered into little, unsuspecting Ione. Willow Creek was bank-full, but the flood hadn't come. It wasn't even in sight.

Matlock's sudden appearance in the small village brought folks running from their houses. "Get to the hills!" he shouted.

Ione's population went into action. Carrying such household treasures as they could, they moved to the hills on either side of the village.

The flood waters hit within minutes after Matlock's arrival, but not a life was lost.

BACK IN TRAGIC HEPPNER, the worst had happened. Within half an hour after the dam created by the laundry gave way, the flood had thundered and boiled through town, and then the waters had receded until they no more than filled the banks of Willow Creek. It had been that quick.

The worst was bad enough. When Phil Metchan rode into the stricken village next morning, he saw a sight he recalls vividly 47 years later. All over Heppner, death was moving in somber procession to improvised morgues, riding in wag-

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ons, carts, hayricks, even in rubber-tired buggies.

Here and there, like the Palace Hotel, a few buildings still stood—the Odd Fellows block, the courthouse, the Fair Store. In between these few large buildings was the ghastly debris of the deluge—the barns and houses that had become mere piles of jackstraws, in which searchers looked for—and found—more bodies.

All day and all night by the light of flaming torches and dim farm lanterns, an army of men dug graves. Many would be needed. The count rose steadily—180—200—210—and finally 225 dead had been recovered, among them the Japanese lad who had lost his life saving others.

Two hundred and twenty-five people had died in Heppner between 5 and 6 o'clock—almost a quarter of the population, for Heppner's most ardent booster in 1903 claimed no more than 1,200 citizens, man, woman, and child. Not even the far more celebrated Johnstown Flood took proportionately so great a toll of lives.

Forty-seven years later Heppner is still a small town, little larger than it was in the days of its deluge. Local history there divides into two periods—before and after THE FLOOD—which is written and spoken with capital letters.

Among the survivors of that tragic day is Leslie Matlock. Should you happen to be in Heppner and see on the street an erect, smooth-shaven patriarch carrying a gold-headed cane, he is likely to be the old hero. On the cane's bright golden head is a legend, dim but still legible: "Leslie Matlock, Presented by the People of Ione in Grateful Remembrance of Heroic Ride during Flood at Heppner, June 14, 1903."

The Thief-Catcher of Kojatoli

WHEN AN INDIAN soldier's wallet disappeared, suspicion fell on the seven other occupants of his tent. After an inconclusive investigation the English officer in charge sent for Ambika Das, the thief-catcher of Kojatoli.

Ambika asked the men some routine questions, pondered for a while, then announced, "I'm giving each of you a stick seven inches long. Place it under your pillow tonight, and tomorrow morning I shall find the thief because his stick will be two inches longer."

After the suspects had returned to their tent, the officer asked the thief-catcher if he really believed such nonsense. "Maybe I don't," Ambika smiled, "but tomorrow, Sahib, I'll find the thief."

Ambika glanced at the sticks one by one as the suspects handed them to him the following morning, then suddenly pointed at one soldier. "There is the thief."

To the officer's surprise, the man confessed promptly. During the night he had *shortened* his stick two inches.

—ERNEST MAASS

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'DO WE OWE YOU ANY MONEY?'

by AMY PORTER

Thousands of Americans are failing to collect on their Social Security investment

AT A RECENT businessmen's show in New York, one of the most popular booths carried a sign reading: "Do we owe you any money?"

It was a Social Security information booth, put there as a part of the Social Security Administration's continuous program to inform people as to their rights under the Federal old-age and survivors' insurance law.

Among the people who stopped at the booth, quite a number, it turned out, were entitled to Social Security money—and didn't know it. One man was amazed to learn that in the three years since his retirement, he had let $1,560 slip through his fingers. He would have kept right on losing money, currently at the rate of $65 a month, if the SS representatives had not enlightened him.

All over the country there are thousands of people who fail to pick up big and little amounts of SS money which would be theirs for the asking. Worse still, hundreds of thousands of dollars of the vast sums accumulated by SS since its inception in 1937 are currently looking for claimants—because of errors made by workers in reporting their earnings.

And since the new bigger-benefits law went into effect last September, it is that much more important for each person to keep track of his standing. Under the previous law, 35,000,000 workers were paying originally one per cent of their wages, and later one-and-a-half per cent up to $45 annually, into the SS fund, with employers paying an equal amount.

In return, retiring workers at 65 or over could receive a maximum of $45 a month for life; in addition, their wives, if *they* were 65 or over, received half the basic amount. If a worker died leaving children, his widow and each child under 18 received benefits. Dependent parents over 65 might also be eligible for monthly payments.

The new law brings about 10,000,000 more persons under SS coverage, including groups of farm workers, domestic workers, and self-employed; it increases the tax further on a sliding scale, and it almost doubles benefits—the maximum

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benefit for a single worker being raised from $45 to $80, the maximum family benefit from $85 to $150.

The least that any eligible worker will receive when he retires is $20 a month, where the previous minimum was $10. Another important difference is that anyone receiving benefits can earn up to $50 a month, and still collect his monthly SS payments. Under the old law, no benefits were paid if earnings were as much as $15 a month.

SINCE ALL THIS adds up to a good financial bargain for the individual, why is it that thousands fail to get the full benefit? SS executives say the major cause of loss is delay in filing applications. About 35,000 of those applying for benefits each year file so late as to lose an average of $200 apiece, with individual losses sometimes running to $2,000 or more. Losses also occur when an individual fails to get a card, and when earnings are incorrectly reported.

Here are some typical cases listed by Clement H. Cornish, head of an SS office which handles about 3,000 inquiries weekly.

"*If I get benefits, won't I lose the right to work?*"

A young widow made that objection when a friend advised her to inquire about SS. The widow had three children. During the year and a half after her husband's death, she had worked part-time for $60 a month, which with her husband's insurance barely enabled her to support the children. But somebody had told her that if she asked for any money from Social Security, she would have to give up her job.

Actually, she learned at Cornish's office that each of her children was entitled to half of her late husband's primary benefit, *whether she worked or not.* These benefits, in her case, totaled $66 a month. Also, she was entitled to a widow's benefit, three-fourths of the base rate, unless she earned more than the permitted maximum, now $50 a month.

This woman decided to keep on working and forego SS benefits for herself, but the $66 a month for her children (increased to $118 under the new law) eased things in her household, and enabled her to move on to a better-paying, full-time job.

By her delay in filing an application, she lost a total of $990. She could collect only three of the back payments, since the law permitted retroactive payment only for three months prior to application.

"*But I am not ready to retire!*"

That is what a bookkeeper, age 65, said when he fell ill and could not work. "I'll be going back to work any day now, so I don't want to fool with Social Security. If I did, I'd have to retire."

This man, like many others, was misinformed. He would *not* have to retire permanently, simply because he accepted retirement benefits. He could continue to receive benefits each month until he returned to work, at which time they would stop. And he could notify the Social Security office and get his benefits whenever he was not working.

A 65-year-old ex-bakery worker was so sure he was right on this point that he refused to inquire about Social Security. He waited until his unemployment compensation ran out six months later, and lost $165.

His theory is widespread—and usually incorrect. Except in a few states, the two forms of payment can

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run concurrently. Also, SS benefits can run concurrently with pensions from private industry.

Social Security is payable regardless of the amount of private *unearned* income from any source, even though the person who receives it is rich enough to live the rest of his life by clipping coupons.

SOME PEOPLE lose money because they think they have to be citizens to be eligible; or because they don't feel well enough to go to an SS office to apply; or because they scorn "government charity." But you don't have to be a citizen. You don't have to apply in person; you can do it by mail, writing to the nearest of the 509 field offices. (If you don't know the address, your postmaster does.) And SS isn't charity, and should not be confused with old-age assistance or relief. It is insurance for which you and your employer have been paying.

Young workers are apt to be careless and pile up future losses by not making sure they have credit for all their earnings. Some neglect to get cards and numbers. Transitory workers, youngsters who work after school, piece workers, part-time domestics—these and other irregular earners should make sure they get a card, whether or not the employer asks for it.

In the same way, it is up to the individual to see that his earnings are correctly reported. The amount you receive when the time comes depends on the amount you earned, so it is to your advantage to keep the record straight.

How can you find out if your earnings are being correctly reported? Write to the Social Security Administration, Baltimore, Maryland, for a statement of your wages. Be sure to include your correct account number. If their record of your earnings is incorrect, they will try to correct it.

Though there are many ways to lose SS money, the way to prevent them, Cornish says, is simple: "Inquire at or before age 65, at death of the family provider, and whenever you have any doubt about your own Social Security standing."

Success Story

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, soon after M. W. Clements had moved into his present home in Montgomery, Alabama, a man knocked on his door and asked for some minnows. When the same thing happened the next day, and the next, Clements asked his caller how come.

"The fellow who lived here before had 'em," the man said. "I bought all my bait from him."

Clements thought it over—and was ready for the next client. Today, he sells 300,000 minnows, 1,500,000 crickets, and more than 300,000 worms a year. "The Fish Bait King of King Street Hill" listened with both ears when opportunity knocked.

—IRA KREX

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When You Meet a Stranger

by G. ERNEST THOMAS

AS VALEDICTORIAN of her high-school class, Margaret Lee Runbeck, the author, trembled with self-consciousness when she took her seat on the platform next to the guest speaker. Her class adviser had suggested that she carry on a conversation with the honored guest, but at the very thought of it the girl blushed with fear and embarrassment.

"I'm supposed to talk wittily to you," she whispered, leaning towards the speaker, "but . . . but . . . I haven't a thing to say. I'm scared to death."

"I'm scared, too," he answered quietly. "I've got a speech written down, but I don't think it's much good, and besides—"

"But *you* don't have to be afraid," the girl interrupted.

"Neither do you," the speaker replied. "I'll tell you a secret; then you'll never need to be scared again as long as you live. Everyone on earth is shy and self-conscious. Everybody's timid about meeting strangers. So if you'll just spend the first minute you're with a stranger trying to make *him* feel comfortable, you'll never suffer from self-consciousness again. Try it."

Margaret Runbeck accepted that advice, and now, years later, she says that it works unfailingly.

The speaker who gave it was famed for his skill in making friends, and those who knew him predicted a brilliant future for him. At the time he addressed Miss Runbeck's graduating class he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. His name was Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL NONNAST

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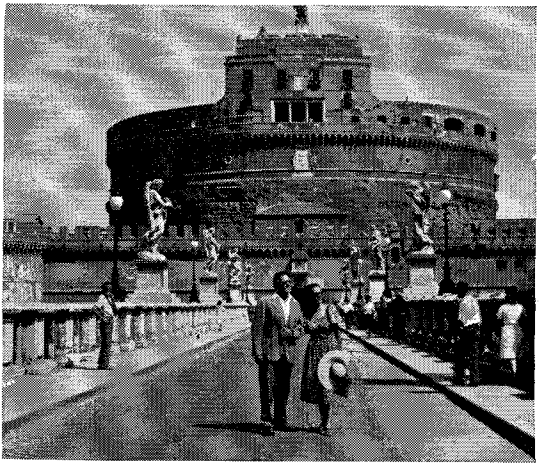

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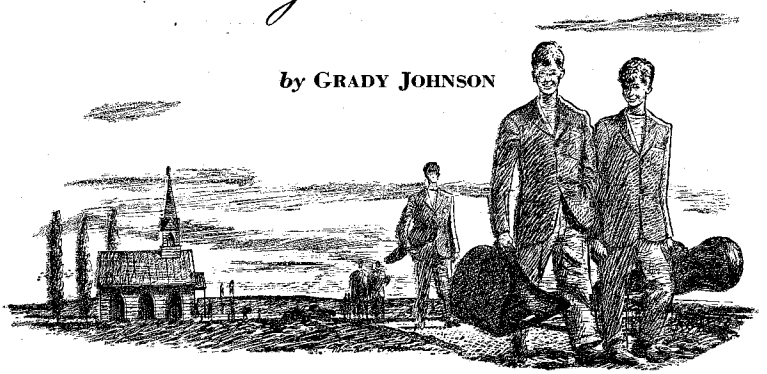
The Church that Boys Run

by GRADY JOHNSON



A little house of worship was reborn when the community's young folk took it over

BEYOND THE red-velvet skirt of the bandstand, a pink-cheeked boy clutching a violin got up and led the congregation in prayer. The worshipers, most of them children, and the 35 boy musicians on either side of the pulpit made it plain that this was no ordinary church.

The prayer finished, a bony, sunburned lad laid aside a saxophone and stood behind his music stand. "Our next number is dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Story, whose son, Rudy—our Rudy—will preach today's sermon," he announced.

Rudy, a slender youth with an odd smile, quit fingering his Braille Bible and groped for a French horn at his feet. The piano played an introductory bar, and 35 instruments, including three pianos and two organs, shook the room with the strains of *Rock of Ages*.

This is the church that boys run at Talbert, California, a farm community 35 miles southeast of Los Angeles. They own it, lock, stock, and steeple. Moreover, they have become missionaries, giving concerts all over the country and starting similar "music churches" wherever they can.

The church owes its origin to a dream. One night, a slight, graying man named Robert Campbell dreamed he saw an abandoned church. He had been a youth-welfare worker in Kansas City, had saved enough money as an office clerk in Los Angeles to retire on a modest income, and wanted to get back into full-time youth work.

The dream was vivid. The church was a small, white, spired building, surrounded by farms. When Campbell awoke, he was convinced that

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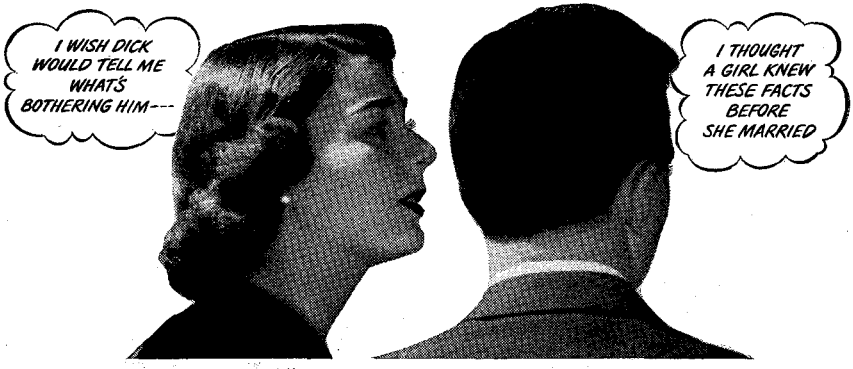
Who should explain this grave WOMANLY OFFENSE TO A YOUNG WIFE?



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Too often a marriage goes through a needless crisis simply because the young wife fails to practice complete hygiene (including internal feminine cleanliness). Too often the reason is she doesn't know *what* to put in her fountain syringe.

Today every young woman should be fully instructed on the importance of using ZONITE in her douche for health, womanly charm, married happiness—and always after her periods. She must realize there's a womanly offense graver than bad breath or body odor—an odor she seldom detects herself yet is so apparent to others around her.

AND ABOVE ALL remember this: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as* ZONITE.

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ZONITE dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It promptly relieves any itching or irritation. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract but you CAN BE SURE ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Instructions with every bottle.

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if he located the church it could be turned into a meeting place for a Boys Christian Athletic Club.

One Sunday, while driving through southern Orange County, he found it. Small and white, it squatted at the edge of a cabbage field. The building, nearly 50 years old, had been abandoned by a Methodist congregation and could be bought for $750.

Campbell talked to several churchgoing youths in the vicinity. They agreed that it was time to start a youth center devoted mainly to spiritual welfare. They went to work at odd jobs and pooled their earnings to make a down payment on the building. Then they swept out cobwebs, patched the floors, mopped and painted.

The following Sunday morning the church bell rang for the first time in three years. Just a few boys and girls showed up. For several weeks, attendance was small. Then, one Sunday, 16-year-old Virgil Crawford played his trumpet. Before the week was out, Crawford had located a boy who could play the violin only slightly off-key, and two would-be virtuosi of the guitar.

Next Sunday he led a four-piece orchestra, and another boy delivered a short sermon. In the congregation were the musicians' parents, plus some curious neighbors who had heard music drifting from the church's open windows.

Soon boys were coming from miles around to play in the "music church." Parents drifted back from city churches. The boys began playing up and down the state.

During the eight years since half a dozen eager youths breathed life into the dead church, it has trained more than 200 boys. Today it boasts a regular membership of 80 and an average attendance of 125, most of them visitors or tourists come to see the successful experiment in bringing youth to church.

A girls' glee club and a social-service club give the gentler sex something to do at the church. But the boys run it, from sweeping to ringing the bell to sending the small children to and from Sunday-school classes the boys teach. Also, they book their own band tours every summer, coast to coast.

The tours show little profit, but whenever the boys play a town, they scout the surrounding countryside for abandoned churches that can be taken over by local youths.

The Talbert boys are not trying to establish a national youth church, as such; they are interested only in helping other boys start independent, nonsectarian "music churches" of their own.

"We have proved," says Pastor John Lawrence, "that with music, we not only can bring youth to church but that the youths will, in turn, bring back their parents."

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What Every Woman Should Know About Tampons

by

OLIVE CRENNING

Special Representative to the Nursing Profession

"*Is it really safe to use tampons?*" The young woman in my office echoed the question of women everywhere who have heard of the new freedom, the self-assurance, the poise that comes from using this modern, internal method of sanitary protection.

Here are the facts: *A recent national survey of 900 leading gynecologists and obstetricians indicates that medical specialists overwhelmingly find tampons safe for normal women.*

In the few years since they have been on the consumer market, tampons have proved to be the most important news in sanitary protection yet discovered. Invented by a physician and originally used in medical practice, tampons are regularly worn by thousands of registered nurses. As one woman tells another, the safety and convenience of tampons have resulted in a rapidly growing popularity, backed by medical approval.

Tampons completely eliminate the need for sanitary belts, because they are worn internally and invisibly. There is no possibility of odor which forms only on contact with air. Bothersome chafing and uncomfortable bulk are eliminated. The woman who uses tampons can swim, bathe, and shower in perfect safety (provided the water is not too cold), and there is no revealing line.

For the young, unmarried girl, tampons offer the same reassuring, safe protection. Medical literature shows that no change in physical structure is involved when a single girl wears tampons. College girls, with a knowledge of anatomy and biology, form one of the largest groups of tampon users because they realize the feasibility of the tampon principle. They find that the comfort and freedom from embarrassment materially eases the problems of menstruation.

The better tampons, like Meds, are made of soft, highly absorbent, surgical cotton, are individually wrapped for extra protection. They are quicker and easier to use because each has its own improved applicator—and to meet individual needs, Meds come in junior, regular and super sizes.

If you would like to try tampons, write for a free sample of Meds in a plain wrapper. Indicate the size you want and address Miss Olive Crenning, Nursing Consultant, Personal Products Corp., Dept. CT-5, Milltown, N. J. (Only one sample to a family, U. S. only.)

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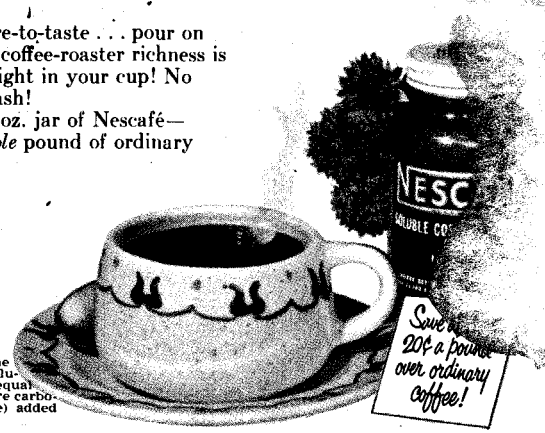

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